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Sarah Symmel

# TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES

OF

# AN OFFICER'S WIFE

IN

# INDIA, CHINA, AND NEW ZEALAND.

BY


## MRS. MUTER,

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THIRTEENTH (PRINCE ALBERT'S) LIGHT INFANTRY.


IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.


LONDON:

HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,

SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1864.



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LONDON:
PRINTED BY MACDONALD AND TUGWELL,
BLENHEIM HOUSE.

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# CONTENTS

OF

# THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

A Visit to Canton—Harbour and Shipping—Whampoa—A Floating Town—Residence of the General at Canton—Chinese Art—Sloping Pagoda—Head of the Police—Expert Thieves—Chinese Shops—Suburbs of Canton—Mandarins in the Streets—Marriage and Funeral Processions—Fabrics and Labour—Glass-blowing—Cook-shop—Temple of the Five Hundred Worthies—Sacred Animals—Hunting for Curios . . . . . 1

CHAPTER II.

Rain in Canton—Fort Gough—Tombs of Ancestors—Chinese Floriculture—Dwarf Plants—The Living and the Dead—Large Population—Indians and Chinese Compared—Visit to Macao—Lavish Expenditure . . 29

CHAPTER III.

The Formosa Channel—Coast of Shautung—Harbour of Chefoo—Passage over the Bar—The South Fort—A Sham Discomfort and Luxury—The French Fort—Mistake of

1669321

Sanko-lin-sin—Temporary Works in the Country—Fine Race of People—Takoo—Voyage of the Gun-boat—Arrival at Tientsin . . . . . 42

CHAPTER IV.

Occupation of Tientsin—Bird's-eye View—Tartar City——The Chinese City—British Forces—Comparison between Tientsin and London—Fine Men and Pretty Girls—Hawkers and Porters—Street Sights and Sounds—Fur Robes—Donkey-riding—Playing at Soldiers . . 59

CHAPTER V.

Promenading in a Mandarin Chair—Our House—Joss House where Lord Elgin signed the Treaty—Hot Season—Unhealthiness of the Climate—My Tientsin Servant—Chinese Ideas of Bathing—Price of Provisions—Amusements—Painting and Sculpture—Bargaining—Festivals—Chinese Museum—Martial Law—Tea . 77

CHAPTER VI.

Chops—The Waters of the Peiho—Villages—Singular Landscape—Wedding Anniversary—Tung-Chow—Privilege of using Mandarin Chairs—Chinese Curiosity—Beggars—Difference of Taste—Road to Peking—Murder of an English Officer—Traffic—Chinese Lanterns—Gates of Peking . . . . . 100

CHAPTER VII.

The Seat of Government—Peculiarities of the Imperial City—South-Eastern Gate—The Streets and Houses—Advertisements and Shops—Residence of the English Ambassador—Portrait of the Queen—Mr. Bruce's Private Apartments—The Imperial Palaces . . 118

## CHAPTER VIII.

Visit to the French Embassy—Ignorance in Road-Making—The Slamma Temple and the Bonzes—Peking Curios—Roman Catholic Cathedral—Missionaries—Market Gardens—The Yuen-Ming-Yuen—Announcement of the Emperor's Death—The Hunting Tour—Official Memorials. 137

## CHAPTER IX.

A Merry Party—The Chinese Wall—Idea of a Chinese City—A Visit to the Observatory—Astronomical Instruments—Extensive View—Competitive Examinations—Opinions respecting Peking—My Impressions—Route from St. Petersburg—Prospect of Departure . . 158

## CHAPTER X.

Ideas of Japan—Homeward Bound—An Iron Ship in a Storm—Her Danger—An Appalling Sight—A Foundered Ship—Effects of Circular Gales—Overland Mail—Our Boxes—Arrival at Singapore—Memorial Monument at Tientsin—Port Louis—Simon's Bay—Lotteries at Sea—Visit to the Admiral at Cape Town—Ascension—Turtle Ponds—Cape de Verde Islands—Arrival in England 173

## CHAPTER XI.

The Snares at New Zealand—Amaru—Bank's Peninsular Chain of Mountains—Extensive Conflagration—Harbour of Lyttelton—Disappointed Emigrants—New Zealand Hotel—Canterbury Plains—Harbour ol Akaroa—Progress of the Fire—Forest Trees—Valley of German Bay—Maories—Road to Lyttelton—Scenery . . 201

## CHAPTER XII.

Christchurch, the City of the Plains—Its Streets, Houses, and Shops—Market-Day—Squatters and Farmers—Plague of Flies—The Climate—The Cathedral and Church Accommodation—Dearness of Articles of Consumption—Post Office System—Police—Roads . 231

## CHAPTER XIII.

Embankments and Fences—New Zealand Flax—Mountain Ranges—Mineral Wealth—Atmospheric Changes—High Winds—Scab in Sheep—Rich Settlers—Value of Land—Carriage—Live Stock—Profit on Sheep—Game—Horse-racing—Cooks and Cookery—Society in New Zealand—Delusions—Wool—Value of Emigration. . . 249

## CHAPTER XIV.

Ignorance of New Zealand and the Aborigines—The Question of Paying for a Maori War—Separation of Governments—The Native Race—Seat of Government—Union is Strength—Conduct of the Troops—Position of the Commander-in-chief—Military Force required in New Zealand . . . . . 276

## CHAPTER XV.

New Zealand as a Colony—The North Islands—Selection of Fields for Emigration—Liberality of the Government—Departure from Christchurch—Extravagant Charges—Mismanagement of the Post-Office—Effects of the Gold Discoveries—Young Lady Emigrants—Miss Rye's Scheme—Ceylon . . . . . 293

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## CHAPTER I.

A Visit to Canton—Harbour and Shipping—Whampoa—A Floating Town—Residence of the General at Canton—Chinese Art—Sloping Pagoda—Head of the Police—Expert Thieves—Chinese Shops—Suburbs of Canton—Mandarins in the Streets—Marriage and Funeral Processions—Fabrics and Labour—Glass-blowing—Cook-shop—Temple of the Five Hundred Worthies—Sacred Animals—Hunting for Curios.

WHILE we were waiting for our destination to be decided, I gladly availed myself of an invitation from General Crawford to pay a visit to Canton. I believe it to be the most Chinese of the cities of

China; and it is strange that a lengthened intercourse with Europeans should end in such a result. Before eight A.M., we were alongside the American steamer *White Cloud*, in our pull-away boat, amidst a throng of Chinese craft, hurrying cargo and celestial passengers into the steamer. Nothing but the great paddles of the powerful vessel could have shaken off the clinging swarm. Chinamen seem highly to appreciate this American line, which runs a boat both ways, each day, between Hong-Kong and Canton, always full of passengers and cargo. This steamer had lately arrived from New York, making the passage round the Cape in seventy-four days, her upper houses stowed away in her hold. The Chinese have proved to be dangerous passengers, some of the most atrocious acts of piracy having been committed on this voyage, the pirates entering as passengers, and seizing the vessel on the way.

On leaving the harbour our course led through narrow channels, with bare hills rising steeply on each side. Fishing villages lay at the foot of the barren rocks, and numerous boats were busy at their avocations, with their lines over the side. Emerging into open water, long rows of fishing-

stakes showed how extensively the pursuit was followed, and where the poor things were caught I had so often seen splashing in the tubs.

Some distance below Canton the river bursts through the chain of barren hills that line the southern seaboard of China. It was there, before the river spreads out into the ocean, that the Bogue Forts were erected. These defences were strong towards the water, with walls running up the sides of the mountains, crowning the crests, and inclosing a rugged and precipitous face, in a state of nature. To my mind, a fort was a frowning castle on a rocky bluff, or the modern deep embrasures, with moat and drawbridge. I was, therefore, surprised when I looked on a space walled in, fit only for the browsing of goats, and wondered how any shelter could be afforded, when cannon from the deck of a ship pointed to the inside of the fort. These forts are numerous, and erected on both sides of the river, which here narrows to its ordinary breadth, but all the masonry of the sea-face was in ruins. When the steamer had penetrated through the mountain chain, the country became level and highly cultivated, but uninteresting.

About half-way between the forts and Canton, we came to Whampoa, where most of the European shipping is anchored. The water was covered with boats, except a narrow passage left for the steamer, and when she stopped they fastened on her like a swarm of mosquitoes, with a Babel of confusion and noise. Passengers and cargo being bundled into these boats, the steamer shook herself clear by a few revolutions, and shot away from the jabbering throng. This was the work of only a few minutes. A little above Whampoa I saw a pagoda, with its numerous storeys rising close to the water's side. Farther on there was another. These were the only buildings of interest I noticed on the way, except, on the left bank, a large structure, like a Norman keep, with a crowd of hovels clustered around, which I concluded must be the residence of some Tartar mandarin, a feudal seignior.

"What is that building?" I asked the captain.

"A pawnbroker's!" he answered, with a smile.

Canton is built on both banks of the rapid, broad, and muddy river, by the channels of which the country, I believe, is cut up, but I speak of the main one. The land is low and marshy, the city stand-

ing little above the level of the water. Behind it some spurs approach from the barren hills of the sea coast, and the surface there is broken and irregular. A portion of the houses is surrounded by a wall. The streets of the suburbs come so close round half this fortification, that the stranger knows he has entered the city only after he has been admitted by a gate, just as the passenger from Westminster to St. Paul's knows he is in the city of London when he has passed under the arch of Temple Bar.

There are two sides to the fortified city, and they present a strange contrast. The one is this low-lying suburb, thronged with life—the other is the series of steep and silent hillocks, covered to their summits with the dead. Beyond the suburbs the wayfarer comes to the river. Here another scene of life is presented, as new to him, if a foreigner, as those cities of the dead and of the living through which he has passed. The muddy water bears on its bosom a town of its own. Streets of boats stretch into the stream, leaving a channel only broad enough for traffic, and alive with craft of all kinds in motion. From where a boat ceases to float, and a house may stand,

rise the suburbs of the right bank, the city of Honan, the whole forming a concourse of a million of living people, and a back country covered with millions of the dead.

We were in the midst of this multitude before I was aware that we had entered the city, so low were the banks, so mean and paltry the houses, without those signs that rise into the air in Europe, telling the traveller, by domes, and columns, and spires, that he is approaching a capital.

The *White Cloud* stopped, to bundle us into a boat sent by the General. We found his aide-de-camp on the wharf, with a pony for my husband, and a chair for myself. The way led along the dilapidated walls, through some narrow streets, into a parade ground, from which the houses had been swept away in acres. The residence of the General was now before me. It stood on the last of the hillocks, the only one enclosed by the walls, and as I saw the fortification running up its steep sides, I knew that a portion only of this rising ground was embraced within its circuit.

Both the English and French troops were located on this hill. The buildings rose in terraces, flights of steps leading to quaint nooks and queer

old decaying structures, some standing on an eminence, and others shaded in a hollow. The crest was crowned by a building used by the 99th as a mess-house, wretched in accommodation, but glorious in its view. On dark and stormy nights the officers who ventured up these precipitous steps must have had an unpleasant anticipation of the task before them in the descent, ere they could gain the shelter of their own fantastic roofs. Fantastic, indeed, the whole appeared to me, when I was ushered up a flight of stone steps, through a gateway, cut as an octagon, of solid granite, and into a room to the left that, not very long before, had been occupied by the father of Mr. Commissioner Yeh. The steps led to the principal apartments of Head-Quarter House, passing, at the place from which I had branched off, a rockery in pure Chinese style.

The house had been so altered, that it was difficult to distinguish what was Chinese and what was the work of the General. One of the biggest of Yeh's gods had sat on a dais that overlooked the dining-room. The verandah, made by the English Commander, peered down on the rockery, and over the roof of the house where we

slept. We were above the apartments of the servants, and they again were higher than the stables and other out-houses. From the verandah I could see over the house-tops of the city, one uniform mass of paltry sheds, broken only by a single striking object of interest, a dilapidated pagoda, that rose out from the mass, story above story, in all that quaintness rendered so familiar to English eyes by Chinese artists.

There were strange apartments behind the dining-room, where gods also had presided; but to this day I cannot tell how much of the drawing-room was Chinese, and how much English. It was approached by a narrow passage, inclosing a square that I did not then notice, surrounded as I was by novelties. Now, it puzzles me when I recall it. It was something like a gigantic shaft, to carry ventilation through an upper to a lower deck. The windows of this room, which was built on the face of the hill, looked down on the city.

I do not dream of giving a minute account of the Chinese. I am merely writing my own adventures and observations, and I shall be satisfied if I convey a correct impression of what I saw. As I gazed from this quiet spot, over the

crowded city, I was impressed with the difference between the habits of the people and those of other nations. A precipitous hill, ascending to a peak, the only rising ground in the city, formed by Nature for defence, has been turned by a people rude in the knowledge of war, into the pleasure-ground of a few country houses. When we took the place, we instantly massed our troops in it. In any other land, it would have been the site of a mighty fortification, the retreat of the governors from the governed, or the base for operations against a foe. That the Chinese did fortify, is shown by the walls of the city, for the protection of their own people against an outside enemy. Nowhere did I see any appearance of protection for the mandarins against domestic foes. The very man who had built this house beheaded a hundred thousand people within a mile of it, and the crime of most was that of rebellion. Was Yeh safe in his undefended residence? If so, the nature of the Chinese must be different from that of the rest of the human family?

On the dining-room wall there were some rough sketches that filled me with surprise. Hitherto, my ideas of Chinese skill had been derived from

their finikin rice-paper drawings, beautifully coloured, but without perspective, or any true knowledge of art—smooth, bright, and pretty. But here was something superior. In these pencillings, life-like figures were introduced with an amazing boldness and vigour. They were such as an English artist with a burnt cork might have scrawled on a wall—but no one save an artist. The Chinese are fond of decorating their walls with sketches, and the difference between their works and those I had seen on Indian walls was sufficiently striking. At one of their little joss-houses, where the officers of the 3rd Bombay Native Infantry messed, I saw some finely executed outlines of monsters and dragons' heads, worked into the walls with rude materials, and also in the court-yard at the entrance to Head-Quarter House. The joss-house was decorated with groups of coloured reliefs in porcelain, representing houses and figures in miniature. Amongst them, I was as pleased as a child to see a representation of Punch and Judy.

The next morning we started early to explore Canton. I was in an open chair, my husband on a pony. We traversed several streets, and through

a gateway guarded by English soldiers, we entered a park with big trees, the appearance of which was wild and untrimmed. Tame fawns were grazing about, regarded by the Chinese as emblems of good fortune. There were several acres enclosed by a tumble-down old wall. The most ruinous thing it contained was the nine-storeyed pagoda I had seen from the hill, and even at that distance I had detected its incline from the perpendicular. If it is as old as it is said to be—more than a thousand years—we cannot wonder that it should be rapidly crumbling away.

In this park stood the abode of the Tartar General, now the Jamann of the Allied Commissioners. We had entered it by a back way. By the front, its aspect is more imposing. Like all these residences in China, the buildings are detached, one vast hall standing behind another, and connected by paved courts and out-houses. As a considerable portion of the back and front is open, the eye penetrates through all; and to give their full effect to this perspective of halls, each one in succession is raised a foot higher than that before it. The Civil Government and the police were established in this Jamann. At the head of the police we

found an old friend, one of our fellow-passengers in the *White Star*, and we were fortunate to have his escort, and the assistance he was able to afford us from his official power.

No city in the world could have been more orderly than Canton during the occupation, and under the control of these police. The men were drafted from the English regiments in China, armed with revolvers, mounted on ponies, and placed under the command of a few selected officers. The system of espionage was perfect; and a despotic Government in Europe could not have had more details of the movements of their subjects than the General had under this Anglo-Chinese system. As policemen were stationed at each gate, and they had to furnish detailed accounts of everything that passed their posts, and as the city was divided into districts, through the barriers of which any movement must be made, no body of strangers, no conveyance of goods, could enter or depart without the circumstance being reported to the Commissioner. Still, the Chinese are so expert as thieves that, in spite of mounted patrols, and all the devices of the police, they carried away bodily, in a single night, a brick house, leaving the vacant

foundation bare to the astonished eyes of the myrmidons of the law; and, stranger still, no clue was ever obtained to show where the building went.

From the Jamann, we passed in Indian file along the narrow lanes, where no horses or wheel conveyances are to be seen, and no quadruped larger than a dog. These alleys are paved, and glitter with a host of sign-boards, hanging like banners above the heads of the passers-by, emblazoned with golden hieroglyphics, conveying a most novel effect. In the principal streets shops followed—shops in endless variety, with open fronts, showing the contents neatly ranged on shelves and recesses in the walls, hanging from the ceilings, and piled on counters. Some of these shops might have been taken for those of London linendrapers—with young men behind the counters, the books for entry, the yards for measuring, the woollen, cotton, and silk cloths, the wrapping paper, and the reels of twine, for securing the parcels, supported above, with the ends hanging over the counter. Have we borrowed these shop customs from the Chinese as well as Punch and Judy?

The display of goods under the gilt signs was so varied, that I was amazed at the mixture of old

friends in new faces, and of things quite new. The jars of a druggist were next to a handsome show of coffins. Then toys took the eyes of children —many of them in China very old children. Caps followed shoes, with an eating-house between; painted lamps shone beside roast goose and dried rats; then came flour, grain, and sacks innumerable, and, immediately after, a butcher's shop. The frontages were narrow, the shops extending far back. Even in the little space left for the constant thoroughfare, the way was obstructed by stalls. Quantities of fruit were there offered for sale—cakes, bread, sweetmeats, baskets of birds, tubs of fish, eels. Besides these familiar objects in new forms, my mind was distracted by attempts I made to guess the nature of novelties that passed before my eyes—what they were made of, and what they were for. On a block of wood, a boy cut up for his hungry customers a white, jelly-like substance, that seemed in eager request, and looked cool and inviting. Another sold cakes, similar in shape and colour to large squares of scented soap, with the price stamped on each in red characters. Ducks and geese, assuming the quaintest form, were carved, and sold by weight in the smallest pieces.

Some of the funny dishes may have been dog, others rat. All I can tell is, that they were new to me; but I saw unmistakeable rats, dried and spread out as bats are shown in a museum.

The streets are carried over open and most offensive drains by bridges, which rise sharply up. These drains are almost level with the highways.

Going through the gateways, we entered the suburbs, such suburbs as the Strand, the town outside being precisely similar to that within the walls. The streets were generally irregular, few of them, for any distance, being straight, though maintaining a uniform breadth, except where they opened out before a temple, or the Jamann of a high official. Now and then we came in contact with the chair of a mandarin, a fat, solemn man, with a heavy, stupid, and immovable countenance, his head covered with a black skull-cap, surmounted by the button of his rank, and on the breast of his rich silk dress some gilt embroidered Chinese characters. Sometimes he was accompanied by a retinue on foot—the grimmest array. The noise of gongs heralded his approach; men with whips and instruments of torture followed after him. Some of the principal members of his household were

also in chairs. After them came a dirty and ill-dressed rabble.

One day we met a marriage procession advancing to the usual music of gongs and tum-tums. The bridegroom, a mere boy, in an open chair, and the bride closely concealed, having her trousseau, and, I believe, all her possessions, carried before her on the shoulders of Coolies.

Shortly after we passed a line of women on their knees, dressed in pure white, the deepest mourning. They were bowing their heads, and their sobs rose in shrill screams, bewailing thus, in a becoming manner, the death of their lord.

In moving through the town it appeared to me that, though the shops in the main streets were promiscuous, the side lanes were devoted to particular trades and manufactures. We turned into one of these to look at the silk-weaving, and into another to see the manufacture of gauze. The rich and beautiful materials were strangely out of keeping with the filthy holes in which they were produced.

The labour here, as everywhere in the country, was of the most primitive character. Still more primitive was the establishment of a miller to which our guide carried us. The room extended

to a great depth, and was old, damp, and dirty in the extreme. The whole place was in motion; some twenty little bullocks, walking their dreary and ceaseless round, each in its own little circle, wherever space could be obtained. At the further end another score of these animals were feeding, and awaiting their turn for work.

This was the only cattle labour I saw in the south of China. How strange that centuries of civilization should leave the Chinese so ignorant of labour-saving expedients, even in the preparation of one of the chief articles of food, though I must add that rice is their staple, and it only requires cooking.

A glass-blower's, if it displayed the same ignorance, showed, at least, a wonderful power of manipulation in the workmen; and the self-satisfied air of conceit and condescension to the benighted barbarians was amusing, while they skilfully handled the material, and blew out vast bubbles, in a way that would lead the workmen of Europe to class the whole nation as ignorant savages.

How often we poor foolish people, in our overwhelming vanity, show off our poverty and weakness when we think we are displaying strength and

acquirments. A large iron tube was placed in a furnace, with a doughy mixture around the end, which became red from the influence of the intense heat, and was rapidly turned by a man, with another behind fanning him. When the mixture was fused, the artisan mounted a stand place over a deep hole, and blew out a gigantic bubble, which emitted a heat felt sensibly through the room. Meantime the huge fan behind the blower was kept in rapid motion, to prevent his being dissolved in perspiration. The glass was afterwards broken into little squares, softened in a fire, and pressed flat between two stones.

Our next visit was to a cook-shop; and with the impudence of English people abroad we walked into the kitchen, and minutely examined their whole paraphernalia for preparing and serving the food. The rooms up-stairs were crowded with citizens—bachelors, I suppose, who had to come abroad for their dinner. Orders came down rapidly, and bowls of chow-chow went rapidly up, neatly served on trays. Although the room was mean and poorly furnished, the tables and utensils were scrupulously clean. We went to see the Chinamen at their repast. They were seated at little tables with their bowls before them, and

saucers containing vegetables, cooked and spiced as a relish, and supplied in small quantities. They looked mainly to their bowls, with rice, vermicelli, and fowl or pork, cut in small square pieces, the whole being dexterously disposed of by the application of chop-sticks. They look with disgust on our custom of placing joints on the table—a habit which, I think justly, they regard as barbarous.

We purchased for my chair-bearers some of these bowls, at about fifteen-pence each, and paid, like the other customers, at a counter, on leaving the shop at the entrance from the street. This restaurant exhibited a far higher state of advancement than the manufactories would have led one to look for.

The show-places of Canton are the temples, and our time was principally spent in inspecting these buildings. The first we entered was sacred to Longevity. It has always puzzled me why people who have succeeded in living to a very venerable age should, in China, be held in such high esteem. In this country the maxim that "those whom the gods love die early" has no force. Those who live to a ripe old age are

surely not worthy of such veneration, unless their long life be accompanied by an equally long career of public usefulness. Yet this is the finest temple in Canton.

In a large square hall, hung round with ribbons floating from the roof, and joined in twos and threes by labels, inscribed with the choicest moral sayings, was a pagoda filled with gods. This pagoda is surrounded, on its four sides, by altars, and hung with little bells without tongues. Indeed, none of the Chinese bells have tongues; they are sounded by striking them on the outside. Three enormous gods were behind the pagoda, supposed to convey the idea of the Trinity; the position of the hands, indicating past, present, and future, the eternity of God. A small box, containing joss-sticks, gave a perfume to the room as they burnt on the altar. Around the vast hall were ranged, on a dais, gods of every description—of thunder, of rain, and of wind.

We mounted a steep flight of wooden stairs to a room above, held to be peculiarly sacred. The floor was of polished wood; in the centre was seated an image of Buddha, of colossal size; and at the side, ranged on shelves, was a library of Chinese

books of prayer, tied up in neat packets. The appearance of this, as of all the other temples, was not unlike that of a gigantic barn, with the peculiar curve in the eaves of the heavy and massive tiled roof, made familiar to English eyes by sketches of China. Great red pillars of wood were the main supports of the plain and undecorated building. These structures generally stand back from the street, and are approached by a gateway.

There is a monastic establishment attached to this temple, the residence of the chief priest. Our guide, without ceremony, entered the garden, conducting us along zig-zag bridges, over ornamental water, where summer-houses arose, represented by the willow-pattern plate. In one of these the bishop of the bonzes was seated. He shook hands with us, and dispatched a priest for sweemeats.

I could not imagine clean water in Canton. The water in this garden was so thickly covered with a green mould that its colour could not be seen. Some handsome ducks were paddling along, and diving their glossy heads into the green vegetation.

"What beautiful ducks! What a pretty place it is!"

The priest looked to the interpreter, who translated

my exclamation. He graciously inclined his head, and made what I felt must be a nice speech, though I was not prepared for its full import, that "the ducks and all were mine, and would be honoured by having such a proprietor." Taking my cue from the Police Commissioner, I replied that "they were more highly honoured by remaining in his possession, and that the ducks could nowhere else look so well as they did there."

His reverence was a small delicate-looking man, dressed in the grey cloth of his order, without a tail (no priest wears a tail), his nails projecting half-an-inch over his fingers, a Chinese custom most offensive to an English eye. Our next temple was that of "The Five Hundred Worthies," to the memory of distinguished good people.

Near the screen, railing it off from the street, was a bronze dragon, whose tongue and tail swung about as we approached, set in motion, I suppose, by those determined to surprise the barbarians. The interpreter pushed up the tongue, but our united efforts failed to bring it down again. I feared this might annoy the people, remembering the scowl of hatred which a Mussulman would have flung on a Kaffir who dared to treat with levity

anything connected with his place of worship. Turning with some anxiety, I saw a broad grin on the faces of those around.

The priests were performing service when we entered. They knelt in a space railed in the centre, their bodies resting on their heels, and swinging backwards and forwards, while they chanted a monotonous and melancholly wail to the accompaniment of a gong. A few idle people were flattening their flat faces against the bars. There was a projecting wainscot of brick around the walls, where the images were ranged, representing characters celebrated in life and canonized in death. It was a feast-day, and the altars were covered with plates of bonbons, fruits, and flowers, with the never-ceasing incense, whose aromatic fragrance rose and perfumed the room.

I walked along the rows of these gods, and beheld a National Gallery manifesting the attainment of this people in the art of sculpture. There were thin gods and stout gods, solemn, laughing, threatening, and even ridiculous gods, conspicuous among whom appeared a European with blue hair and wide-awake hat. An extensive knowledge of the mythology of the Chinese is required to interest

a stranger in these temples, possessed, I believe, but by one Englishman in Canton. Without this the attention is directed solely to the sculpture, and must soon tire. A question I put was a material one, readily felt by the Chinese. Seeing the prodigious number of gods, I asked our celestial interpreter what each cost. He answered, without hesitation, from seventy-five to eighty dollars at an average.

In one of these temples at Honam, in the centre one of the three buildings, I saw a soap-stone pagoda, with a relief at the base, representing the Queen of Heaven. A cloister attached led to a pig-sty, where seven or eight disgusting fat boars were shewn as sacred animals. Some nations may not inaptly take a monkey for their god, and perhaps the Chinese are right in their selection of a pig. On this side of the water is the "Temple of Horrors," where the artist has succeeded in depicting every description of hideous torture, to delight the growing mind, and instruct the young idea.

We closed our mythological sights with the "Temple of the Five Genii," ending in a deep recess. A ram carved from wood stands before it, the arms or emblem of Canton. An immense bell was shewn above, bearing a mark of the siege,

where it had been struck by a heavy shot; and below, in a court, stood a tombstone, upwards of six hundred years old, similar in shape to those in common use in England.

Occasionally, our rambles took us over the river, where we simply found a continuation of Canton. As we drew nigh to the banks, we met children, as in Hong-Kong, with their fingers stretched out—"Want a boat—have got—number one." An old woman steered, and two rather pretty girls rowed, their colour, dress, and cast of countenance differing from those of the usual stunted-footed women of China. We were ferried through a lane between a phalanx of boats moored one alongside the other, the sterns of those in front touching the bows of those in rear—solid blocks of human habitations. Some are so small that much skill is required to stow away the necessaries of the occupants.

A family of these aquatic people could live in a London waterman's wherry, decking the fore part for food, cookery, and children, putting a tilted roof aft, a drawing-room for the mother and daughters by day, and a sleeping-place for the family by night. The boat could be worked from the centre, which would also serve as a lounge for the boys with

their cigarettes and small bowl metal pipes. No one would be more surprised than the waterman to see what could be done in this limited space. Although there were many of no higher pretensions, there were others gaily decorated, and affording extensive accommodation, called "sing-song" shops, the worst dens of dissipation and vice. Accidents must be numerous, though the little things toddling along the edges of these frail craft may be buoyed by floats. Once overboard, if this river is like the Indus, they might be looked for at the Bogue Forts.

One of the amusements general throughout China is curio-hunting. In a land so old, with an ancient civilisation, the objects of antiquarian interest must be numerous. Among a people, too, who had attained to their present knowledge of art when scarcely an English nobleman could write his name, there are numberless works illustrative of the manners and customs of these singular beings, as well as others whose intrinsic beauty are of a high order. As the Chinese are themselves collectors, there were many shops devoted to antiquities and curiosities of art. Some officers of the expeditionary force hunted out these shops,

and ransacked their goods with eager curiosity. Most of those we visited contained modern manufactures made for Europeans—carved ebony, furniture, bronzes, silver ornaments, ivory, sandalwood, and every variety of silk and embroidery. All the porcelain I saw was after a Canton pattern, and of modern make, with little of the brilliant colouring that gives value to the ancient works of the north.

The citizens attach a high price to a semi-opaque stone called jade, and we visited the houses where the process of shaping and carving this very hard substance is carried on. It varies in colour from a white to an emerald green, which *fate suy*, the very finest description, somewhat resembles.

The pictures my husband brought home from some of his rambles amused me, and I left Canton with a very different idea of Chinese art from that with which I had entered it.

Canton must be one of the most unhealthy cities, with such a site, such dirt, such drainage, with rice cultivation up to its walls, and so densely-packed a population. Calcutta is bad enough, with its open maidan, fine streets, handsome houses, and a drainage that cost millions

of rupees. What then must Canton be?—in the same latitude, on a similar river, with banks as flat, and a population as large!

## CHAPTER II.

Rain in Canton—Fort Gough—Tombs of Ancestors—Chinese Floriculture—Dwarf Plants—The Living and the Dead—Large Population—Indians and Chinese Compared—Visit to Macao—Lavish Expenditure.

THE weather during our visit was such as to justify the "oldest inhabitant" in his trite and ancient remark. Certainly, if the venerable personage often saw such rain, he must have pronounced Canton to be one of the wettest places in the world. My journal continues—"Sunday, very heavy rain; Monday, torrents—thunder and lightning; Tuesday, the hill-side a cataract—cleared up for an hour, then came down with increased violence."

A diet of fat pig—for the pork seems to be unstreaked fat—with the heavy depressing atmosphere, must have an effect on the spirits. Is suicide frequent in Canton? A man who dines on a rat

should not be called upon to endure what I experienced in that city.

The roads were little influenced by the fall of water, as, properly speaking, there are none. The raised paths look like hedges dividing rice-fields—and so they were, every drop being caught and retained for the crop; and the mounds for fencing in the fields are turned into a highway, which answers where the carriage is on the shoulders of men.

My first stroll beyond the walls was to Fort Gough. The stillness that reigned in this part of the country contrasted strangely with the bustle towards the river. Even from the gate no road led into the country. Imagine a populous city with an unused gate, leading—nowhere. As we mounted the hill crowned with the ruins of the fort, we passed tombs of all degrees, and the hills around were similarly covered to their very summits. I was told that they were formed in the shape of the last letter of the Greek alphabet, Omega—the hill-side being scooped out and built up, having a flagged or chunammed plateau in front, and at the entrance of those of high pretensions were two tall stone pillars.

The inscriptions are very peculiar, not only enumerating the virtues of the deceased, but also informing the reader how the ground came into the possession of the family, describing it in the most exaggerated language, and employing ridiculous similes to convey the idea conjured by its appearance in the mind of the writer. Often at Kowloon I have seen ranges of jars on a precipitous ledge, containing the dry bones of deceased relatives. After being thus carefully gathered, why should they be so openly exposed? Wherever I looked, these tombs came out from the barren and stony steeps, associating the desolate scene with the thronged city, whose busy hum told of a multitude hurrying on, as their fathers had done, for generations, to their final resting-place in these solitudes.

Fort Gough commands the city of Canton. It is higher than the hill enclosed by the walls, and was used by the braves to annoy the allies in their last occupation. At night these Chinamen would get in among the ruins of the fort, and fire their balls into the quarters held by the European troops, uselessly expending any quantity of ammunition, though conveying that disagreeable feeling of

insecurity which the ping of a bullet carries to those unaccustomed to the sound. Why should this fort have been destroyed, instead of being occupied by a detachment of our force? It was decisive of the fate of Canton when taken by Lord Gough.

Putinqua's Garden is a pure specimen of Chinese taste, and one of the show-places without the city. To reach it we were conducted along the bank of a canal, crossing another by a ferry, which helped to give an idea of how the food for the city is conveyed. Water is the usual means of transport, Coolies taking up the burden where the boats put it down. From the entrance gate, a broad road wound into the garden, lined by flowers, shrubs, dwarfed trees, and natural plants, cultivated in pots, and springing from the soil in endless variety, and in a high state of cultivation. Huge forest trees assumed the proportions of the smallest plants—perfect in symmetry, though dwindled to a miniature, showing the highest effort of horticultural skill. China-asters, roses, and orange blossoms were flowering in profusion.

The path led to an artificial lake, where a summer-house stood, surrounded by the water, and connected by the usual zig-zag bridges. Some

handsome boats floated on the lake. We went through all the rooms, and the mandarin "chop," which was nicely furnished, and hung with lamps. One of the rooms in the quaint structure on the lake had been made for theatricals. The wood-work, both of the bridges and of the houses, was decaying under the influence of an atmosphere reeking with moisture, the hot-bed of malaria, and the preserve of mosquitoes. On a fine dry autumn night, when lit up with their gaily-painted lanterns, the effect must have been beautiful, though one, I fear, not to be enjoyed by the English, except by those seasoned against the venom of mosquitoes. From the water a path led to an artificial hill, where it wound up frowning rocks, wooded and entwined with creepers, by seats and grottoes, to a pagoda. There was much taste in the wild beauty of this artificial landscape.

Our most distant expedition was to the crest of the White Cloud Mountains, about eight miles from the gates.

Sometimes, on these excursions, I rode, and sometimes I was carried in a chair. None but animals so sure-footed as our little police ponies could have stepped so safely along the miserable

pathways, here paved with blocks of stone in ruinous decay, then winding on the narrow top of an embankment, to be interrupted by a water drain, crossed by a plank, or without one. Suddenly this high road would come out by a village, passing under a roof with forms and tables, and wayfarers seated at their little cups of tea. All the village curs would fly at us, and in the uproar the doors of the houses would be filled with the faces of women, peering over each other, and the children grouped around them. If we met a damsel, she would fly to such a place of shelter, or toddle—if with fashionable feet—and then turn to stare, though I must say the people were never rude or intrusive in their curiosity.

The narrow streaks of land, between the barren hills, were highly cultivated, and the memorials of departed ancestors on the dry and healthy sides looked down into the inundated valleys, where their descendants, in the steamy miasma, were hastening to join them. The road began to rise from the rice fields in long flights of stone steps, and the habitations of the living were soon changed for the tombs of the dead. The most casual observer must be struck with this careful selection of a bracing and

healthy site for the dead, and of a low, stagnant, and unhealthy one for the living. It gives us an unfavourable idea of the sanitary knowledge of this people, and we are not surprised that mankind is indebted to them for some of the greatest plagues of the earth, the latest novelty being the fatal cholera.

Passing some picturesque gorges, we came to an extensive joss-house, where we left the horses and chairs, and mounted the rest of the way on foot.

From the summit the country looked one vast sheet of water. I could barely trace the yellow flood of the great river through the wide paddy fields, and amid the creeks and estuaries branching away in all directions. Though the city spreads over a considerable space on both banks, it appeared like a mere ant-hill, and I should not have noticed its existence had not my attention been directed towards it. The fact was difficult to realize, that the emporium below me was equal in population to the combined cities of Manchester, Edinburgh, and Dublin.

Behind me the land broke into rugged steeps, ending towards Hong-Kong in the desolate coast line of that region. Far as I could see the slopes of the hills were ornamented by the sepulchres of

the dead. The bonzes in the joss-house were attentive and civil, producing fruit and tea, and feeding and watering our hardy little horses. It seemed to be a stage for the annual pilgrimage of the citizens to the tombs of their ancestors, as well as a post-house for wayfarers.

In my not very profound contemplations on the characteristics of this vast Asiatic nation, I found myself contrasting them with that other remarkable race of the great Eastern continent—the inhabitants of Hindostan. No words of mine can correctly portray a dissimilarity that could only be increased by altering the main attributes common to our nature. What most struck me here, as shewing a wide difference in the feelings and habits of the two peoples, was the total absence of any military display, any preparation for either offensive or defensive war. No Indian, who is entitled to such a distinction, moves about without a sword, his richly-embroidered dagger, or his jewel-hilted pistols; and a rajah or a nawab is never too feeble or languid to carry such weapons. When travelling in state the display of an Indian nobleman is a body of armed retainers, and in forming a procession the whole becomes a military pageant. In

India a palace means a fortification, and a fort is the seat of a king.

The Chinese, I suppose, have no military taste; but alas! does this free them from the violence of war? They are one of the most peacefully inclined people of the earth, and have suffered and are suffering in consequence the most fearful horrors of that scourge. To judge by the unarmed retinue of the mandarins, carrying the symbols of their power, they rule by law. Their code is doubtless a most cruel one, and most cruelly administered —a civil despotism more hideous than that of any grinding military government. Their fields were elaborately cultivated, evincing a higher degree of agriculture than is seen in India. The vast cities, with their streets of shops, proved a more advanced knowledge of commerce, while their fleets of junks shewed more enterprise at sea. Their paintings, their writings, their porcelain, and their bronzes, displayed greater refinement in art, while their silks and gauzes led me to place them not far behind India in manufactures. But there is something tame and degrading in the civilization of the Chinese, a want of the picturesque, of romance, of change. They are without adventure, without

daring. We see nothing gorgeous, nothing glowing in act, in word, or in show.

Religion is associated with every act of the people in India. On landing, we see a Mussulman on his knees, worshipping with his face towards Mecca, and, in the open-air eating of the Hindoo, rites are performed dictated by his creed. Until the temples and gods of the Chinese are seen, the people might be supposed to be without a religion. Their dissimilarity is seen not only in manners and customs, but also in the physical difference of the races. The intelligent features of the handsome Hindoo contrast strangely with the yellow, flat, and broad faces of the Chinese. From out a great black beard and turban-enveloped head, come the sparkling eyes and regular lineaments of the Mussulman, while all the hair-producing efforts of the Celestials are concentrated in their tails, the remainder of the head being shaven, and their ugly faces bare. The uniformly cut, plain blue cotton garments are very unlike the flowing robes and gaudy tinsel of Hindostan. The men of China are a stronger race, of larger make and with thicker limbs. When the Coolies of both nations are seen at work, the Indians are wretched objects, languidly moving under

their paltry burdens; while the Chinese cheerfully toss on their shoulders ten times the weight, their air of independence and laughing good-humour favourably impressing a stranger.

In my opinion, though doubtless it is not worth much, there are fewer barriers opposing the onward progress of the Chinese than of the people of India; and I prophesy that after the sharp trials which their own cruelty, and the folly and ignorance of their rulers, have brought on the "Flowery Kingdom," the race will rapidly rise, while the priest-ridden Hindoo will remain sunk in sloth, and the Mussulman in his savage fanaticism.

We had intended to visit Macao on our return. As there is constant steam communication to the Portuguese settlement, both from Canton and Hong-Kong, there would have been no difficulty, had the weather been more favourable. Macao is a pretty European town, presenting, in its quiet old streets and shady esplanades, a pleasing change to the bustle-and-trade-wearied inhabitants of Hong-Kong. It is the Sanatorium of our China city, where those who seek a rapid change, and relief from an overwrought mind, are wont to pro-

ceed. We had the good fortune again to secure our passage in the best steamer, the *White Cloud*. A conjecture as to the expense of living in this country may be made from the charge for meals on board. For breakfast, we paid four shillings and sixpence each; for lunch, wine and beer being put on the table, nine shillings.

One of the first observations we made in Hong-Kong was the low value of the dollar there compared with its relative worth in Europe. The whole scale of living is higher in price as well as in style, the great mercantile houses leading in a lavish expenditure, keeping up establishments at a high cost for their clerks, as well as for extensive hospitality and entertainment.

We left Hong-Kong enveloped in mist, and when we came back the mountains were veiled in the same shroud. Our mat sheds looked damp, dark, and dreary on the bleak heights of the promontory, and the draggled and rotted canvas that covered the officers and the men looked more dreary still. Was it really the same bright and beautiful landscape we had seen on our approach in the *White Star*?

On the Admiral's return from the north, it was

decided to send the detachment of the Rifles, with other portions of the "Force of Occupation," to join at Tientsin.

On the 25th June we embarked in Her Majesty's Troop-ship *Vulcan*, and the General accompanied us in his tour of inspection of the northern garrisons.

## CHAPTER III.

The Formosa Channel—Coast of Shautung—Harbour of Chefoo—Passage over the Bar—The South Fort—A Sham Discomfort and Luxury—The French Fort—Mistake of Sanko-lin-sin—Temporary Works in the Country—Fine Race of People—Takoo—Voyage of the Gun-boat—Arrival at Tientsin.

THE heavy old *Vulcan*—her keel, like a rock, covered with barnacles—was not allowed to proceed unincumbered, having to tow the gun-boat *Insolent* to Chefoo.

We were again in the Formosa Channel, with the mountains of that island rising above us—on this side, however, far back in the interior, the country along the coast being low. Very different was the placid sea from the rolling breakers before which the *White Star* had been driven so swiftly

through this strait, wrapped in mist. Once more I saw that Channel—I saw it in fear and trembling, for it was then the most awful sight I ever beheld.

The force of the south-west monsoon is very different from that of the north-east, now gently pursuing us on our way to the north.

As we approached Shautung, we entered the heavy fog that seems constantly to hang over the Yellow Sea—a sea that may truly be described as the home of mist. The leadsmen were in the chains on both sides of the ship, as she was known not to be far from land, and the monotonous cry was repeated, receiving, as it always appears to me, so little attention, when suddenly the whole ship sprang to life. How electric is the feeling of danger! The water had shoaled with a bound from deep to shallow, and almost at the same moment a corner of the veil of mist lifted, showing a long line of foam, and beyond it a dark loom of rocks, whose outline could not be observed. The steamer was instantly arrested in her course, and there anchored for the night.

At daylight next morning the fog lay heavy around, but by degrees the sun struggled through, gradually clearing the dense vapour away. The

great mountains came out one by one, till the whole coast of Shautung stretched around, with the Island of Alceste between us and the sea.

It was night when we arrived at the harbour of Chefoo. The stars were shining brightly, although the haze of yesterday still hung heavily on the tops of the highest hills. Dark as it was, the *Vulcan* steamed round to her anchorage at full speed, showing that the harbour must be easy of access. When the Miatan Islands were proved to be unsafe by the winter gale, which caused us such anxiety, the naval station was transferred to this port, where the French had already established themselves. The paddle steamer *Odin* was lying here, with our old friend the little gun-boat *Watchful,* flying a pennant about twice the length of herself.

The ships were close to an island, one of a string forming a barrier between them and the sea. This uninhabited desert was occupied by storehouses and a little wooden house built on a hill rising bluffly at an extremity. A pier had been thrown out by the men-of-war into water deep enough for the largest barge, at all times of the tide, to load or discharge cargo. The harbour

was a vast sheet of water; and close to the mainland, many miles from us, I could see three or four large ships, two of them French frigates, anchored at their naval station in these seas, not far from the city of Chefoo.

When we arrived at the muddy anchorage of the Peiho, I strained my eyes to see land, yet it was long before three or four spots came out on the horizon, the only signs of the coast—the bastions of the Takoo forts. Thus out at sea, water everywhere, gave us an impression that we were becalmed in the ocean, and it was difficult to realize that the vessel had reached her destination. The General and Lord John Hay, of the *Odin*—the naval commander in the absence of the Admiral—pushed on at once for Tientsin, and my husband went with them to make arrangements for me.

It was Tuesday, 9th of July, when he left, and on the following Friday he returned in the same gun-boat, the *Drake*. She immediately took in her cargo, and steamed over the bar into the river, where she moored for the night, making the voyage in an hour and a half. The entrance over the bar struck me as being intricate and difficult, even for

a gun-boat. The water became more and more muddy, and as the land grew distinct, I began to realize the fact that we were not approaching a Paradise. I have seen some monotonous and dreary coasts, but by no effort of imagination can I picture to myself one more miserable than this.

The South Fort, the main one held by our troops, presented an imposing appearance as we approached it. Three vast bastions rose high into the air, connected by a low sloping wall perforated for guns. Although of mud, the great extent of these works gave them a formidable aspect. As I looked from the deck of the vessel, over the mud swamp that had proved so fatal a barrier to the advance of the first attacking parties in 1859, its whole surface bristled with stakes—sharp-pointed bamboos—planted in the ground. A closer inspection showed that the *chevaux-de-frise* and the forest of spikes were not the only impediments; the place was strewn with iron prongs, turning a sharp point upwards, however thrown. Two wet ditches intercepted the further movement of those who got so far, but once at the foot of the walls, the entrance would not have been very difficult.

To understand these forts, the reader must have a correct impression of their site. He must imagine a tidal river, broad as the Thames at Greenwich, winding extensively through a flat, and emptying itself, without any increase to its breadth. It therefore forms no estuary, but like other rivers in which land is formed at their junction with the ocean, it rolls its muddy stream till arrested by the open sea, where the particles of earth are diffused into the pure salt water, which takes the earliest opportunity of throwing them back and depositing them as soil. It is thus the country has risen, and is rising, at the mouth of the Peiho.

A new land so formed is perhaps the most dreary landscape that the mind of man can imagine. The soil is only above the level of high water, an interminable reach of mud, here and there still invaded by the sea. Everything below the sky is of the colour of mud; a hideous uniformity, that would drive to despair the lover of Nature in all its brilliant variety. The dismal coast is lined by a dismal mud beach, whereon tumble muddy breakers. Not a blade of grass or a living vegetable relieves the unvaried track on shore; not a change of hue relieves the

tainted water on the sea-board. The eye is caught by numerous mounds dotted over the plain—the graves of the Chinese—however gloomy in themselves, unable to add to the gloom of the region. Some friends of ours came on board, with a most cordial invitation to spend the night at the Fort, an invitation I gladly accepted, as there was no accommodation in the gun-boat, and I wished to see the interior of this celebrated fortification.

We entered by a gate at an angle nearest the river, and when inside I felt as if I had been imposed upon. The place, to me, was a sham. All its strength was towards the sea. The space was far smaller, and the back defences far weaker, than the frowning display seawards led me to expect. The ground inside was in a state of nature. Except the mud hovels scattered here and there, without regard to regularity, there was absolutely no sign of man's labour.

And these were the sea defences of the great capital of this great country, the fortifications that blocked the only way by which the seat of Government could be attacked by a foreign foe!

An unfinished road, evidently the work of the

English troops, was being formed to make a dry path through the interior, and the space where the earth had been excavated for its formation was filled with water.

The mess-house, of the wing of the 31st Regiment, with the Artillery, forming the garrison of the fort, might have been the residence of the Tartar commander, or even of Sanko-lin-sin, the General Commanding-in-chief. By the side of the Esquimaux huts around it was a handsome edifice, though in the eyes of the gentlemen by whom it was occupied it was a paltry shed. I turned to my friend with feelings and words of sympathy. He laughed merrily in reply, declaring they were a happy party, and amused themselves, at the same time that they lived comfortably.

"Allow me to offer you any wine you may fancy this hot day, and let me order lunch. There is hock, sauterne, moselle, claret, champagne; iced soda, seltzer, potass, or tonic water. Ah! you think I am joking—name your wine, and see."

My draught was composed of wine from the Rhine, soda-water from England, and clear ice from the country.

From the mess-house, this officer escorted us to

his hut, which he insisted on vacating. It was like a tilted waggon taken off its wheels, placed on the ground, and then covered with a thick layer of mud, well mixed with straw. A partition divided it into two very small rooms, lined with paper, and lighted by little windows, with calico instead of glass. What a happy invention photography has been for the soldier and the sailor! The smallest case contains the life-like resemblances of his dearest friends, and ranged on the wall these faces smile on him every morning when he wakes in lands far from his home. These were the ornaments of this hut. Nor was Nature neglected, for a row of jars containing plants in brilliant bloom enlivened the entrance, and relieved the sameness of the hideous mud.

From the summit of the great South Bastion, I could see the ships with sufficient distinctness to tell whether they had two or three masts. Inland, the village of Takoo was about a mile away, and over it a line of green showed where vegetation as well as cultivation commenced, for both are synonymous in China.

The French fort, on a smaller scale, stood on the opposite bank, between the end of the river

and the sea, separated from the nearest point of ours by more than a quarter, but less than half a mile. A string of vessels, from a barque of four or five hundred, to a swift opium schooner of less than one hundred tons, were anchored in the stream.

The ruins of another line of forts, higher up, came prominently out from the flat country, at a bend of the winding current. Those not occupied had evidently been blown up.

The whole plan of the Chinese was clear; a simple, straightforward scheme of defence, that had been slyly defeated by the wily barbarians.

Standing there, I could fancy the feelings of Sanko-lin-sin, when, a few months before, he occupied that ground. Then the horizon was dark with the hulls and masts of a mighty fleet, a gigantic display of strength, and one calculated to impose on even the most uncultivated minds. Yet great as was this display, he could have formed no conception of its real power, grossly ignorant as he doubtless must have been of the science and rules of war. His mind was filled with pictures of the red bristled barbarians, in red coats,

lustily pulling in their row-boats for the mud, to be impaled by scores on the stakes, and to be shot down in hundreds by the grape and canister of his heavy batteries. He imagined the little gun-boats rushing on the barrier of iron-pointed bars at the mouth of the river, the sea "brood" as well as the land "brood" impaled, while five hundred guns poured their shot into his helpless adversaries. In his mind's eye he saw the mighty host repulsed, the black forest disappear, while he returned in triumph to Peking, loaded with all the honours a despotic sovereign could bestow, to become the darling of the people. Poor Sanko-lin-sin! such traps as yours might do to catch Tartars; the red-bristled barbarians were not to be so caught another time.

The force landed some eight or ten miles up the coast, the second line was taken in rear, and the strong forts, wherein Sanko-lin-sin's trust was placed, were untenable under the fire of the fortification erected to strengthen these strongholds. The hard labour of the Chinese, as well as the day-dreams of the Tartar General, vanished into thin air. How naïvely Sanko-lin-sin refers to the wholesale reverse, opening the road to Peking to our arms, in

his memorial to the Emperor, dated 26th August, 1860. Here is the extract :—

"Your slave lately lost the position of the Takoo, where he commanded, in consequence of the unforeseen explosion of two magazines of the north forts simultaneously, and not from any slackness in the defence, or insufficiency of the means therefor."

He does not tell what a child he was in the art of war, when opposed to the English commander, who turned his flank, and captured the position in his rear, using a portion of his own works to destroy the rest.

We walked to the village over a causeway raised on the swampy plain. The houses and shops were not unlike, though superior to, those of the same class in India. Indeed, the severity of the climate in winter must enforce on this people a better style of dwelling. From the little I saw of China, I would say that there are scarcely any works in this country made for posterity. Apart from the Great Canal and the Great Wall, its general aspect conveys the impression of labour expended only for an immediate return, of a land descending from father to son without a

single great work left by preceding generations to utilize or to beautify the territory, save—even if we can make that exception—the sepulchres of the dead.

The stature of the people struck me with surprise—they are the largest race I have met. On the way back we encountered several sturdy peasants returning from the British camp, walking with ease under the contents of a poulterer's or a fruiterer's shop. There were baskets of eggs, fowls, pigeons, ducks, geese, also mutton, hares, and sand-grouse, besides fruit and vegetables in every variety, and abundance of ice.

They accosted us without hesitation, offering their wares for sale, and I was astonished at the low price demanded. A fat sheep could be purchased for little more than the cost of two pounds of inferior mutton in Hong-Kong; and the other supplies I have enumerated were at proportionate prices. The scene recalled to my mind the appearance of the *Watchful* amid the ice in the gulf, her rigging a perfect larder, and among the game hanging clusters of beautiful feathery-footed birds, called sand-grouse, which I had never before even heard described. Now I began to understand why the British soldier found his residence at the Takoo

endurable. In future days, when quartered at Aldershot, he may fondly look back to the Peiho, where he used his rations to add strength to his soup, and dined sumptuously on roast joints and fat capons, followed by game, or, in summer, by peaches and grapes, and plenty of ice.

Before the turn of the tide, the gun-boat got under way, though her forty-horse power could make little progress against the strong rush of the current. So swift was the flow of the water, so winding the banks, that I could scarcely believe we had only reached the town of Takoo, after steaming more than an hour; but the water slackened, then turned, and our progress up became rapid. Gradually the banks changed to green, and a garden-like cultivation commenced, lines of fruit trees hedging off the different fields. Villages rapidly succeeded each other, and every rendezvous was filled with men, women, and children assembled to stare. Crowds of peasants were at work, and the water was thronged with bathers, their tails streaming after them in the muddy current, or twisted round their heads, as they splashed and screamed amid the shoals of junks.

When the tide flowed, these junks came up in

hundreds, and we passed an equal number at anchor, awaiting their turn to get down. They were long and narrow, formed of massive beams of timber, large, coarse, and ugly likenesses of a Thames barge, with sails fluted like frills, under the ignorant supposition, I presume, that the wind struck with more force into these than on a plain surface. I did not see any Persian wheels, though many of the natives were raising water for irrigation, as in India, by a long pole weighted at one end, and with a skin at the other. It worked on a pivot, the labourer hauling the skin down to the water, and the weight raising it when filled.

The sharp turns of the river, covered as it was with chops, required nice management in the gunboat, and as she had two lumps* in tow, she ended by running into a native craft, at a bend which nearly doubled back.

Though we were not far from Tientsin, as it was getting late the lieutenant in command anchored. It was early next day when we approached Tientsin. We had passed a line of forts commanding the approach, about fifteen miles

* Lighters.

from the city, and before entering the town there was another range. From the sea to this point the country is a dead level. The population is limited to that on the banks of the Peiho, which alone are cultivated. The land further back is uninhabited, sterile, and without water—at least, so I was informed.

As we drew near, the chops began to block the passage. They were moored on each side, one against another, towards the centre. As at Canton, I was in the city before I was aware of the fact. On the left bank, huge mounds covered acres of the soil, extending a great distance, containing thousands on thousands of tons of salt, the supply of years for millions, Tientsin being the Government depôt for this commodity. The dirt and the wretched mud hovels gave me a very unfavourable impression of the city, though I had expected little, having been prepared by the deplorable accounts I had received of the place from officers who had been there.

The steamer went up to the point where the Grand Canal enters the river, passing through a bridge of boats, from which two or three were removed. There she moored, opposite the temple of Eternal Felicity, where I could see the French uniform of the sentries at the gate, while on our

side the karkee clothing,* and the white puggaree, showed the British soldier of a regiment from India. I was now in the city of Tientsin, a destination it had cost me months of travel to reach.

* Dust colour.

## CHAPTER IV.

Occupation of Tientsin—Bird's-eye View—Tartar City——The Chinese City—British Forces—Comparison between Tientsin and London—Fine Men and Pretty Girls—Hawkers and Porters—Street Sights and Sounds—Fur Robes—Donkey-riding—Playing at Soldiers.

THE occupation of Tientsin is the most important step for the coercion of the government of China. As I have said, the system of carriage being by water, and rivers and canals the main arteries, the possession of this city may be likened to a hand grasping the jugular vein. Tighten it, the circulation stops, and the Government is strangled. From Hang-tchou comes the Grand or Imperial Canal, over the Yang-tse-kiang and Yellow River, through the heart of the kingdom. From the sea flows back the tidal stream of the Peiho, and the banks

on which the town stands are washed by water that has flowed beneath the walls of Peking. This site, therefore, commands the communication of Peking both with the sea and with the provinces governed by that capital. Held by an enemy, it leaves the Emperor isolated in his metropolis with the starving citizens.

The stream of the canal flows into the Peiho, like a running river. Indeed, it is a running river, and forms a junction with the Peiho at the place where we moored, entering on the right, while the stream on the right comes down from the capital.

Tientsin is situated on the bend formed by this canal and the river, though the suburbs extend to the left banks of both; the temple of Eternal Felicity, for instance, being on the left bank of the canal, and the right bank of the Peiho, at the apex where the two join. The suburbs beyond the water, either of the canal or river, were held by the French, the main town being in our possession.

The reader must imagine a bare flat, so low that, to prevent buildings from being swamped by periodical inundations, it is necessary to place them

on raised foundations. He must suppose the two streams joining and flowing on to the sea, and, at their junction, a vast collection of hovels, without a building of note, or any object rising out of the uniform line to arrest attention. He has then a low, unwooded, monotonous expanse, with little cultivation and few villages without; and, within, an equally level space, covered with mean houses, inhabited by more than five hundred thousand human beings.

Taking a bird's-eye view, he will see a ditch and embankment carried from far down the Peiho in a curve to the canal, enclosing not only a great extent of buildings, but also many square miles of desert land. Looking at the plan of these buildings, he will find that there are two main divisions—the Tartar, and the Chinese.

The Tartar city is within a wall, forming a parallelogram; the north and south faces being each about two miles in length, while the east and west are about a mile and a half. This portion, therefore, extends round about seven miles. Each face has a gate in the centre, and each angle has a turret. Two main streets, straight from gate to gate, divide the parallelogram into four equal

portions. These streets cross each other exactly in the centre, over which an arch has been built, surmounted by a turret. Standing under the arch you are in the centre of the Tartar city, and at the meeting of the four main streets, each leading to a gate, and named, from the cardinal point to which that gate faces, North, South, East, and West Streets.

Between this parallelogram and the canal and river extends the Chinese city. On three of its sides the houses are thickly grouped, by degrees dwindling off to a thin sprinkling, far up the canal and far down the river. The south face looks over the open country towards the embankment connecting the Peiho and the canal. The suburb to the west face is a dense collection of the poorest and most miserable huts, with which, also, between the north side and the water the ground is thickly covered. The best street of Tientsin, named High Street, begins near the north gate, and curves with the bend of the canal, ending not far from the east gate. The most important part of the Chinese town is on the east face. There the houses are larger, and the buildings more important than within the walls. From the east

gate the town runs for miles along the bank of the Peiho, till it becomes merged in the line of villages that continue towards the sea. A wet ditch, in reality an open drain, is carried round the walls of the Tartar city, which I guess to be thirty feet high, built of enormous bricks, and broad enough to drive a carriage along the top.

The streets are unpaved, forming water-courses as well as pathways. The tendency being to wear in the centre, they shelve from the sides to the middle, where, in wet weather, the soft mud accumulates until it is deep enough to rise over the knees of a man, while the sides are too slippery to walk on. These streets, at such times, must be seen to be known. At the best, the dirt is beyond description.

The houses are one-storeyed, of brick, with heavy-tiled roofs, and the curved eaves universal in China. The shops are open to the street, but the dwelling-houses present a dead wall, either of mud or brick. The thoroughfares are, therefore, wholly dependent for their life and appearance on the people, and on the display for sale.

The chief portion of our force was within the walls. All the best houses of the quarter to the left of East Street were occupied by the General,

the Staff, and the Rifles. A battalion of the Military Train held some Yamauns on the right of East Street, near the gate. A little further on a large open yard was the rendezvous or parade ground for the 60th. At the end of the street, by the centre arch, the Artillery were quartered. Turning to the left, up South Street, you came to the barracks of the 31st Regiment, grouped round a great temple, the gods having been moved out of the way for the accommodation of a mess-house.

The men were placed as much as possible in companies, and to effect this the engineers had to make considerable alterations in the original plan of these edifices. Walls were broken through for communication from house to house, and pathways were formed to connect the different squads, winding and twisting between buildings, through holes and narrow alleys that would have astonished the proprietors more than any other person. A captain, on his way to inspect his company ,was really undertaking a voyage of discovery, and without a guide, nothing but a considerable development of the bump of locality could have led a colonel through all the rooms occupied by his men. The bugle-call of the Rifles would sound from head-quarters, and be

echoed from alleys and back dens impossible for the uninitiated to discover, and the companies would come winding from all directions to their rendezvous in East Street.

The 67th were in the Chinese town, in some temples and extensive Yamauns; so were the Sappers, and Fane's Irregular Horse, as well as the General Hospital and Commissariat.

Many merchants were located in these suburbs with their goods, for trade grew apace during our occupation. They were principally grouped at the east end of High Street.

Although it is ridiculous in the same sentence to speak of London and Tientsin, yet by doing so I may convey a better idea of the latter to the reader. Temple Bar is the east gate, and the Military Train, with their carts, horses, and mules, are located in the Temple. All the best buildings to the left of Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill furnish quarters for the General, the Staff, and the 60th, the shops in these streets being left to carry on their traffic, the soldiers occupying premises in the by-streets behind. St. Paul's and the neighbouring houses are held by the Artillery. Guns and waggons, stacks of forage, and rows of horses, fill the church-

yard. Turning to the left, the General Post Office, and the best church in St. Martin's-le-Grand, have been made over to the 31st Regiment, while here and there the most comfortable and quiet dwelling-houses, including Printing-house Square, are occupied by the officers of these battalions.

Entrances must be made and pathways formed, regardless of the will of the possessors, and of the right of way. Somerset House, in the Chinese city without the walls, contains a portion of the 67th, and the neighbouring churches are occupied by the remainder. The Commissariat find space for their vast accumulation of stores in the law buildings about Lincoln's Inn, and the rooms of the National Gallery become the wards of the hospital. This is just what would happen if London were occupied, the only difference being that we paid for our quarters, a thing which no other nation would do.

The men of these parts are among the largest in the world—certainly much larger than the people of England. Although so surrounded with dirt, they appeared clean in their persons, and were frequently dressed in long robes of white, with white trousers, gathered into their curiously-formed boots or shoes.

They walked under the rays of a sun unequalled in power, save in the north-west provinces of India, or such deserts as Sahara or Scinde, with clean-shaved heads unprotected by any covering. Their tails were formed entirely of their own hair, not, as in the South, with a large intermixture of silk, nor reaching, like those of Canton and Hong-Kong, to their heels, though far handsomer, for I began to understand and appreciate tails.

Old women were frequently met in the streets, and pretty young girls, disfigured by the usual deformity. Young women would run to the doors and corners for any sight attracting curiosity. They dress their hair combed off the forehead, decorated with artificial flowers, and fastened in masses on the top, and at the sides by golden skewers, which appear to be among their most valued and highly-wrought ornaments. Not unfrequently their faces were powdered and rouged. The French and British officers and soldiers are mixed in the street with the Indian sowars, and the merchants in their civilian dresses. The dress of the military was not laid down in the code of regulations.

Though generally the citizens are well dressed,

and have a comfortable look, as if well fed, there were many of the most hideous objects—human beings too dreadful to be described. These were beggars, who demanded charity as a right, bawling loudly in the shops, and sleeping in rows in a street near the east gate, as if the quarter were theirs, and the State recognised their claim upon the community.

A man loitered along with a large wooden square around his neck, his head rising over the centre, the heavy timber resting on his shoulders. This was an offender undergoing the punishment of the cangue, the size of which is proportioned to the offence. The locality in which he was punished was that in which the offence was committed.

The streets were thronged with men rolling great wheel-barrows, having one large wheel in the middle, with six buckets on each side, filled with the muddiest water. They were on their way from the river, whence all the water comes that supplies the city. A man is often harnessed in front, and when the roads are heavy it is no easy task even for two to convey such a burden through the crowd without upsetting the load. They are frequently bumped against by others, with a pole on their shoulder,

balancing two packages, or buckets, one at either end. Sometimes the two ends of a pole are on the shoulders of different men, and the heavy weight then hangs from its centre. One carries fish, another ice, a third fruit, oftener still garlic and sweetmeats, crying their wares, as in the streets of London. Barbers move about with a curious and elaborate apparatus.

Besides the hawkers at the corners, and wherever standing room can be obtained, there are numerous stalls. One offers bowls of chow-chow, another sweetmeats, a third cups of tea. Basins of Chinese vermicelli, coloured with a rich brown gravy, are ladled out of a great iron pot, cooking over a fire.

In the hands of the vendors are long dice-boxes, with neatly-rounded wooden sticks, the size of skewers, having little black dots at the ends. The rattle is continuous, as these things are shaken, and the passers-by invited to try their luck. One will stop, throw down his cash, put his hand into the box, and draw out one or two of the sticks. Again he puts down his cash, again draws, looks solemnly at the numbers, and a certain quantity of the goods is made over to him. If a Cooly wants a cup of

tea, he gambles for it, and gets two, or none. The system was the same wherever I went in the North, the first sound in any village being the rattle of the dice-box.

There are stalls of higher pretensions, displaying assortments of crockery, or cotton prints, prominent among which were the goods of Manchester.

Shortly after our occupation, stalls began to appear with every variety of empty bottle. Bass's beer took a conspicuous position. The stout little bottles that had held seltzer, the long-necked and elegant hock, and the more clumsy champagne, all had a place. Who were the purchasers? Certainly not the barbarians.

I am confident, if the Government do not interfere, that the manufactures of England will have a fair field in this part of China.

The best shops make the gayest streets—more so in these cities than elsewhere; and as these shops are Chinese, the gayest streets are outside the walls.

The best street in Tientsin is, as I have said, High Street. It is about a mile long, and lined on both sides with shops. The pawnbrokers present the

most showy appearance. The front being open, the spectator looks in on a medley of the richest garments suspended from the ceiling, and hanging to the posts that supersede the wall. Generally a counter runs the full breadth, well back, leaving a large space between it and the street. Several big, stout men are lolling about. One of their number is actively engaged in a way that excites the curiosity of the new comer. He stands in the space close to the street, with a bundle of clothes on his right, and another on his left. From one he takes a garment, displays its full folds to the spectators, turns it dexterously, then deposits it on the other bundle. All the time he is bellowing at the top of his voice, the sound of which may be conceived by those who have heard a boatswain pipe all hands.

Some idea may be formed of the din when I add that a similar shop, nearly opposite, was making the same racket, and further up there were three or four more thus engaged. On our first entry, the surmise was that an Irish faction-fight was progressing. The criers seemed to be little influenced by the attention they attracted, for they were equally energetic in language and movement to the empty street as to a throng. Although this custom may be strange,

it is certainly a sensible one. Even if not sold, the airing to old clothes in such a climate has its value.

These shops extend far back, having warehouses behind filled to the ceiling with second-hand goods. The reader may therefore imagine to what extent pawnbroking is carried in China. I presume gambling and pawnbroking will always be closely associated.

The most valuable articles are coats of sable, ermine, and hyloon.* There are also vast quantities of mandarins' robes of the richest silk lined with satin, sometimes elaborately embroidered, though generally plain, and of good and rich materials. The dragon is the favourite pattern.

The shops next in importance are the furriers. The people of the extreme North have attained to the highest proficiency in the art of dressing skins. The robes are mostly sold in the form of a large Maltese cross, to be cut and lined according to the wish of the purchaser. Little bundles of sable and ermine hang from the ceiling; a fine tiger-skin is suspended from a post; mantles of the unborn lamb and camel are piled on the counter; sheep-skins, with long hair of the finest and most curly descrip-

* Chinese for sea-otter.

tion, fill large shelves, with wolves' and goat skins, soft and pliable as kid. I admired most that of the white fox, as pure as the driven snow, and as soft as down, though that of the blue fox is far more valuable. They manufacture some furs according to a pattern, stitching each hair into its place, till the whole assumes the colour they desire.

Towards the close of summer, Tientsin is filled with dealers from all parts, and a large business is transacted, particularly in the coarser skins. Commanding, as the place does, the water carriage of this part of China, it has naturally become the depôt for the business of Mantchuria, and if our merchants make a proper use of the machinery in actual operation, they may soon have a large export of wool from the Grass Country.* Though the pawnbrokers and furriers give the character to High Street, there are a vast number of every description of shops, for pipes, pictures, caps, coffins, shoes, and curios, besides the usual restaurants and eating places. The picture-shops were filled with caricatures of the allied troops. The English barbarian figured there with hair and beard like a

* Mantchuria means Grass Country.

flame of fire, while his French ally appeared in blue from the touch of the celestial artist.

One of the favorite amusements of the British soldier was riding on a donkey; and the ridiculous appearance he presented was happily seized—the huge barbarian being run away with by a little ass, while he swayed to one side, his back and knees well doubled up. Most of the pictures had some reference to our marketing transactions. The grenadier was shewn in violent altercation with a stall-keeper for a fowl, or tossing off samchu, while the Chinaman with a malicious grin grasped his coin.

Whatever may have been the opinion of the Chinese on the wisdom of the course adopted by us in paying for what we got, they made a marked difference between our dealings and those of the Gauls. They were delineated in the act of plunder, the chasseur in full chase of a squeaking little pig, with the head of a duck protruding from the capacious pockets of a pair of red trousers.

Sir Hope and Lady Grant were pictured walking in the air—curious figures, very curious indeed; and I have no doubt that, as I was one of the very

few European women that visited this town, I have been honoured with a place as absurd. These shops are as attractive to the citizens as our own print-shops at home, and a crowd is always around, particularly if there be anything new.

The curio-shops are filled with enamels, jade-stone, bronzes, and china; and there the British officers were most often found, in energetic colloquy with the proprietors. Little boys were at the door, ready to seize, like Irish porters, on any article purchased. They quickly gained an insight into our habits and requirements, and were prepared to act as guides to the new-comers, though all the English they know they gabble in a few words.

Whenever a company or a battalion assembled for parade, the people would gather around and accompany the band. The boys were prominent in these crowds, and "soldiers" became the fashionable game. One would range the others in a line, directing them to "shoulder *arm!*"—"slope *arm!*"—"quick march!"—"form fours right!" picking up the words of command, and delivering them in grotesque imitation of the drill-sergeant. The little urchins were very intelligent, and trained differently

would probably grow up very different men from what they are likely to do.

A hole had been broken through the south wall, to allow the troops from the quarter to the left of East Street to get to the open country for drill, without going round to the gate. Although the works were decaying, and in sad want of repair, the Tartars were shocked at our thus anticipating the work of time. They could not understand why we should take the trouble to do its work.

## CHAPTER V.

Promenading in a Mandarin Chair—Our House—Joss House where Lord Elgin signed the Treaty—Hot Season—Unhealthiness of the Climate—My Tientsin Servant—Chinese Ideas of Bathing—Price of Provisions—Amusements—Painting and Sculpture—Bargaining—Festivals—Chinese Museum—Martial Law—Tea.

A HANDSOME mandarin chair had been sent to the wharf for me, and as I wished to see as much as I could, I kept the blinds open, and found myself an object of the greatest curiosity to the people. In an open space there was a crowd, and much business was being transacted in poultry and vegetables. This was the market, called, as an inscription on a board informed me, Charing Cross. A little way up the street "Gunter" was written over a neat shop, a sufficient announcement of what was there sold.

Near a temple, called by us, on the board nailed to it, "The Devil's," was a guard of Sowars. East Gate was before me, and crossing a ditch, I passed under the deep arch, where an English sentinel paced before a guard-room door, at which English soldiers were lounging. East Street was written on the long highway I then entered. Here the crowd was very great, and the road blocked up with wheel-barrows of water. "Canteen" was the sign over one door; "Tailor" over another; "Ginger-beer" over a third, showing the occupation of the industrious among the British troops.

My four bearers carried me far down the street, before they turned through a door on the right, over which was marked in chalk, "Officers' Quarters, 60th Rifles. Lieut.-Colonel M." After passing through another door in a dead wall, I was put down in a paved enclosed court, twelve yards square, with little verandahs on the two sides, the fourth, opposite the wall, being occupied by the house. The front was entirely of lattice-work, and over it was drawn a covering of white calico. The whole of this lattice-work formed doors opening to the verandah. The roof, therefore, of heavy round glazed tiles, was supported on this side by its wooden pillars. In

the gables there was no opening, nor in the back wall, except a small door leading to the court behind. The part corresponding to that occupied by the verandah in front was taken into the room behind, and a row of wooden pillars, similar to those against which the trellis-work stood, was, therefore, in the room. The beams, resting on pillars, crossed the roof, each beam supporting two other pillars, on which another beam was placed, and so graduating to the highest point of the slanting roof.

These beams were all beautifully painted and varnished, and further experience of Chinese architecture showed me that it was usual thus to construct a roof, and then to leave it exposed to view. This big room, about thirty-six feet by eighteen, was thus lighted entirely from the front, and became our dining and drawing-room. It was papered white, with a deep blue wainscoting.

Behind, fronting its back wall, was a similar building, with open lattice-work, looking on a court about the same size, but rougher in finish. It was divided into two apartments, which formed our bed and dressing-room. It was

the house of a man of good position, and in the ordinary style of superior dwellings in China. In the bed-room there had been a brick and mortar erection, larger than a very big bed, with a small grate inclosed underneath, and a flue behind to carry off the smoke. It was there the family assembled on very cold days. The warmth and the economy of a fire so placed are excellent reasons for the universal adoption of this custom in the north. The best houses face larger courts, though there is not much difference in the buildings. During the hottest months these enclosures are roofed with matting, supported on high bamboo poles. Flowers are sold in the streets in pots, as in England, and it is the habit to ornament these courts with plants in bloom. In the north of India, as here, the style is not unusual to build with a dead wall around, on the outside, all the rooms facing inward, and the ventilation being on one side only.

As we had brought furniture with us, the apartments were soon ready for use, though the weather was so hot that exertion became irksome, necessity only inducing the requisite labour. I advise any one valuing English comforts to carry with him

such things as conduce most to maintain his civilized feelings and habits, when bound for a savage and distant country. This can be done without troubling acquaintances for advice. Advice confuses, for it is sure to be contradictory; his own feelings, with a little judgment, are the best guides, and, I need not add, some knowledge of the country.

Here every necessary in eating and drinking being abundant, cheap, and good, the contents of a few packets enabled me to impart a degree of home refinement to my Chinese drawing-room, and to ask with confidence our friends to partake of our dinner.

It was not till my work was finished that I felt the full force of the overwhelming heat. An Englishwoman cannot walk in the dirty streets of a Chinese town, even if the weather permitted—in fact, they are unfit for civilized beings. I therefore remained a prisoner till a horse we had purchased at Takoo arrived. Before daylight we were mounted and in the country. Then the sun would rise over the baked plain in its fiery glare, as in India, and we would canter back, reaching our shelter before its rays became intolerable. In

these rides we went to the end of East Street, turning to the left on reaching the centre arch, and through the South Gate into the open common. Most of this land was bare, though here and there young sprouts of green grass struggled up.

Small square enclosures, containing little mounds, rising to a point, marked the burial-places of the Tientsin gentry. One higher mound in the centre, with smaller ones grouped around, all terminating in a sharp point, presented a very different object from the masonry and cut stone of tombs in the South. Nor were all the graves even so far marked, for the common was rendered dangerous by the numerous coffins that worked up to the surface, into which a horse was liable to put his hoof.

The road led by a large joss-house, where Lord Elgin had signed the treaty of Tientsin. It was occupied by convalescent soldiers, and those going through their course of musketry, the rifle butts being close by. On the plain the British soldier was generally to be seen mounted on the ill-used donkeys, the animals, I feel sure, who had the most cause to complain of our occupation.

The ditch and embankment passed near the

joss-house. I was told the length of this work was fourteen miles, and that it had been erected when the war with the barbarians threatened the capital itself. It was produced with immense labour, and was useless when made.

Beyond it the country was open, and beautifully adapted for a canter. The line of cultivation commenced at the distance of more than a mile, and I could trace the course of the Peiho by the masts of the vessels and of the junks rising from the cultivated ground at the most unexpected places.

Of course the oldest inhabitant declared that he had not experienced so hot a season for twelve years. It was very much felt by the garrison, exposed, as they were, in such buildings and in such a city; it was this that gave them an exaggerated idea of its intensity. Without the advantages of the pretty cantonment that would have grown up in India, some three miles from the city, with bungalows, shady compounds, kunkur roads, punkahs, and tatties, the lesser heat was felt as the greater.

The climate of Tientsin may be healthy, as I think it is, while the city is unhealthy. Though the people be pitted with small-pox, and ophthal-

mia and cutaneous diseases prevail, yet, that a fine race inhabits the town under such imperfect sanitary regulations, speaks highly for the climate. Similar neglect in a European city would certainly produce as bad results. In five of the hottest days two officers and forty-eight men died; they were invalids, and unable to sustain the excessive heat. By far the greater portion were from the *White Star*. Six months of salt diet, and six months under canvas in the humid atmosphere of Kowloon, unfitted these young recruits to bear any trial; when it came they sank.

That these men did not die at Hong-Kong, but at Tientsin, was made an argument in favour of the climate of our colony, as contrasted with that of this northern city, whereas the argument is against the southern colony. If the men that had passed the winter, and a considerable portion of the previous summer, at Tientsin lived, while those who had just arrived from a six months' residence at Kowloon died, the deduction is that the climate of Kowloon undermined their health, while that of Tientsin preserved it.

No soldiers ever took the field better cared for. If the sum the campaign cost was immense, the

nation can have the satisfaction of knowing there was no luxury in reason a sick soldier in hospital could not command.

I certainly felt the heat more than I had ever done before, except on the journey to Murree. Oh! the refreshment in such weather of blocks of ice! As much as a Cooly could stagger under cost a shilling, three times more than the natives paid of course. At night, when my bed was like an oven, I would rub the mattress with lumps of ice, and then lie down with pleasure on the steaming damp surface.

Placed as our house was in the centre of so large a population, it was remarkably quiet. Its enclosed courts admitted none of the disagreeables, either of sight, sound, or smell. The voices of criers rose faintly over the distant hum of the street; and the bamboo rattle, with the watchman's shout, alone broke the stillness of the night. The ventilation being from above, the dirt around was less felt, and when I looked out it was on the brilliant flowers below, or into the blue vault of heaven.

As I began to appreciate the Chinese mode of building, some of the reasons for their peculiar customs

began to dawn on my mind. Now I saw why the structures were in parallel lines, with one gable to the east, and the other to the west, the dead wall to the north, and the open trellis-work to the south. When the sun was at its greatest elevation, his rays struck only on brick and tile, while in winter the cold blasts from the north were excluded by the wall, and then, as the sun was sinking to the south, his slanting rays were thrown through the lattice on the other side into the room.

I had only one Tientsin servant, a regular Tartar, quiet, industrious, and not without intelligence. This immense creature was unaccustomed to kindness, for he exhibited the greatest surprise when I made a little effort to cure an injury he had received. He evidently felt grateful for this act of kindness, and a few presents of old clothes quite won my Tartar. He became anxious to please, and quickly understood our wants, which he readily supplied from the neighbourhood. A few cash procured hot water for a bath, or hot chestnuts after dinner. In fact, everything was to be sold, in any quantities, in the district.

He had great difficulty in comprehending our custom of bathing. He could scarcely believe that

expensive water could be so wasted, and his amazement increased on the discovery that we required fresh water for each bath. Something like soapsuds floating on the muddy surface led me to ask him if he had changed the water, which he indignantly denied, evidently annoyed at being considered, as he thought, an idiot. On learning the task required,

"What!" he exclaimed, "*every* day?"

The supply of this muddy liquid to the garrison cost the Government a large sum. It was placed in earthen jars, to settle before being used, and of course, for drinking, required to be filtered.

The cook had accompanied us to the North, and acted as interpreter. The language differs so far, that it was with difficulty he could make himself understood, except by writing; and as every Cooly can write, ideas can be exchanged over the kingdom, though conversation could not be carried on. All our marketing was done through him.

The occupation raised the price of food. The British force realized to the minds of the citizens the old saying of "coming for wool, and going back shorn." Indeed, we were an enemy no Chinaman could understand, and I doubt not the

astonishing course taken by the red-bristled barbarian has spread far and wide throughout this part of Asia.

Although the people were making a rich harvest, still to us the price of provisions was very low. Excellent beef and mutton cost from twopence to threepence a pound. We could get twenty chickens for a dollar, and a dozen eggs for threepence. Vegetables and fruit were abundant, and equally cheap. Bread, however, was dear, and not good, and milk was bad, and extravagantly high. It is remarkable that a people so material should be ignorant of the value of milk, butter and cheese being absolutely unknown.

Where English people can introduce English amusements, they do so. At Tientsin they had no Chinese prejudices to work against. Shooting, horse-racing, and cricket were the open-air pastimes; and as a billiard-table and bowling-alley had been established in the town, they had the means of in-door recreation. Both of these were kept by Yankees, in American fashion, each having its bar for drinks. The American adapts himself to circumstances more readily than the Englishman, and seizes more promptly on chances of making

money. The training of the United States, tolerating no private opinions, tends to make the citizens pliable, and they fall easily into the ways and manners of their customers.

The races kept up a constant excitement, yet the interest in the local contests sank to zero before the news of the great event in England. That "Kettledrum" had won the Derby, created as much sensation at Tientsin as in any garrison town in the United Kingdom. Perhaps no occurrence has more wide-spread interest than the result those few minutes annually decide on the course at Epsom, because English people are grouped everywhere. Where these groups are, they bet, and the money question is the most exciting of all.

A building had been turned into a theatre, which furnished much amusement during the winter. The scenery was painted by an amateur who approached in skill to an artist, and the dresses were got up regardless of expense. A clever piece, written for this stage, was repeatedly performed, introducing many hits in reference to the occupation, and the British soldier was charmed to hear allusions to his own position, in verse, on the stage.

Many occupied their time in curio-hunting. High Street was the chief field of their labours. There were several shops devoted to curiosities of art. Oriental china took the first place; but very few of the garrison knew its value. The most expensive objects for sale were carved ornaments of jade. Those most new to us were enamels.

In works of art, the Chinese excel most where colour is introduced; therefore porcelain and enamels could only be fully appreciated by those conversant with such objects. The bronzes were cast in fantastic shapes, many of them being of very great age. Those marked *tae-ming** looked fresh, as if lately made, while others bore traces of centuries of time. However, appearances are not wholly to be relied on, as a cunning imitation of age can readily be produced, and there would be few scruples in the way of conscience between a Chinaman and such manufacture. The Japanese excel the Chinese in bronzes.

* Tae-Ming signifies Ming dynasty. It comprehends the reigns of seventeen sovereigns, from A.D. 1307 to 1643. Curiosities of this period are marked with characters resembling a rough A, with a double ladder after it.

Nothing more life-like could be made than the groups of little figures moulded in clay which were sold here. A good selection would represent every phase in the life of this people. Every attitude of all the members of a household in their every-day occupations are depicted, as well as their grand ceremonials and processions, introducing hundreds of figures. The monarch appears in his robes, the hideous beggar in his attire, and the bride, all exquisitely coloured, exactly as they are. Shortly after the occupation, the artists tried their skill on the allies. The result was, however, a caricature, although not intentionally. Again the cruel taste of the people is shown in the scenes represented by these clay figures—such as the executioners clearing a gaol. The culprits kneel in a line; the headsman moves down with a short massive sword; each stretches out his neck as his turn arrives, while one has his head separated from his body, with his blood streaming on the ground—the whole forming a counterpart of the scene described to me by an officer who had witnessed one of those executions. Victims undergoing torture were represented in so masterly a manner as to be too dreadful to look at.

Both buyer and seller are in the dark, the one not knowing the real value of the articles, the other having an imperfect knowledge of the coin offered. Much argument precedes a bargain. The Chinaman begins with a tremendous sum. The Englishman meets it with contempt, throwing down the article with the exclamation—"Number twenty-five." The Chinaman returns to the charge—"Look here, look here, *combien*, *combien?*" (The French word, I suppose, is easier than our English one). He puts his long thumb-nail under his eye-tooth, and gives it a wrench, as if pulling it out, meaning he would prefer the extraction of his tooth to lowering the price, and then he names the smallest sum. This he does by elevating his ten fingers, palms to the front. The Englishman nods; he means ten dollars. He turns his hands, showing their backs, fingers still extended. Another nod—ten dollars more, and so on. When he comes to smaller sums, he puts up the fingers of one hand, with as many of the others as completes the number. For half he draws one finger sharply across the other. There was much business transacted in Tientsin in this manner.

During the winter, the officers frequented High

Street in great numbers, going through the shops in a positive stream, pricing and lowering the prices, arguing with and half bullying the owners, who in boisterous talk were at least their match. I have always found that people endeavour, by shouting, to make each other understand a tongue that is Sanscrit to them, associating ignorance of the language with deafness.

The most ridiculous transactions occurred. One, on hearing the price, would refuse the article with contempt, and in his next round find that it had been raised considerably. The higher the owner went, the more anxious became the would-be purchaser, who, after a month of hard bargaining, paid half as much again as had first been asked.

When the boys deposited the objects of virtu in the house of the buyer, his friends would throng round: "Oh, I know where this came from—that jade has a flaw!—old Looqua nearly let me in for it."

"I say, what did you pay for that dragon bowl?"

"They asked twenty dollars, and I gave eight."

"You don't mean to say so. Why, the rascal offered it to me for two!"

As gold was cheap, many took the opportunity

of having guard-chains and breast-pins copied from easy English patterns. The manufacture was clumsy, but of the purest gold, and cheaper far than similar things at home made of a very different standard. A handsome silver racing cup was shewn to me, produced by a Tientsin jeweller. It was presented by the Prussian ambassador; and the national arms were tastefully and elaborately interwoven with the Chinese dragon.

Although there are few festival-days I often met processions in the streets. They had that shabby and decayed look marking everything in China. Weddings and funerals were the gala occasions. The heavy coffins, as if scooped from the solid trunk, were borne in funeral cars on poles of enormous size, gaily painted and varnished. A throng of the district Coolies staggered under the unnecessary burden. Half the long narrow street would be filled with the show, whether marriage or funeral I never could distinguish. Banners would come first, and lanterns on poles, boys carrying ridiculous dolls, dressed as women, gongs, tum-tums, the huge car, and lines of closed chairs. Once my husband found East Street blocked up by a feast spread in the middle of the

dirty high-way, with men around dressed in white.

While curio-hunting in High Street, I saw a Chinese gentleman with an attendant, who placed a cushion before a shop, on which the gentleman solemnly knelt, slowly bowing his head to the ground, then as solemnly rose, and, without a word, passed on, and performed a similar ceremony before another shop further down, hurrying on as if he had the whole town to go through, and little time to do it. Beyond, the din of the pawnbrokers was drowned by a fearful uproar from a disgusting procession of beggars, who moved on their hands and knees, beat their bodies so that the sound of the blows could be heard, while their yells, howls, and groans were such that they could only have been produced after the practice of years. Near us a marriage was solemnized, and instruments similar to the Scotch bagpipes never ceased their harsh scream for three days and three nights. Gongs have a deep and pleasant ring, and though the tum-tum is heard in China as well as in India, the Celestials have more knowledge of music.

A procession that went by our house performed a march upon several instruments, a sweet and simple air. One tune seemed such an especial

favourite that I imagine it to be a national melody, and I often found myself humming it.

An excellent guitar is manufactured, the drum of which is covered by a serpent's skin. A minstrel who sang to the accompaniment of such an instrument excited my attention. I often saw him, as his post was on the bridge over the ditch outside the south gate. Although his place had the disadvantage, if the Chinese consider it one, of a most impure atmosphere, yet he had always an audience. The fat fellow appeared well satisfied with his own music, with the neighbourhood, and with the bowl before him filled with cash. Above the gate I noticed a grim array of hooks. I asked what they were for.

"For the heads of the traitors and rebels," was the reply, "as the Celestials keep up some of our ancient customs."

The people were most curious about my feet. Little boys peered under my habit to ascertain if those of the barbarian woman were similar to their own countrywomen's. As soon as a youngster caught sight of me he would dart down an alley, and immediately after I would find the corner thronged with prying faces, the old ladies toddling up with a bland smile, and a familiar and patronizing nod.

Though so familiar in their manners to us, towards each other they often observed a formality so solemn as to be ridiculous in our eyes. Two gentlemen meeting in the streets would halt and face towards each other, slowly bend their bodies low, their arms hanging, as slowly rise again, and perhaps repeat the bow, then face like soldiers, and march solemnly away.

Tientsin was under martial law, the Provost-Martial being judge and jury, with a power of summary dealing never given to the highest judicial authority. Unfortunate soldiers would appear with long faces and scored backs before their colonels, complaining that they had been dragged off and flogged without knowing by whom or why. The subjection of the best men, some of them even non-commissioned officers, to so degrading a punishment, without any reference to their commanding officers, caused a just and well-grounded feeling of annoyance. The law of the Provost-Martial may be necessary in time of actual war, but, for a quiet garrison, it was no more required at Tientsin than at Hong-Kong or at Aldershot.

Martial law simply means no law at all. Military law means the Mutiny Act and Articles of

War. Martial law sets aside even these. The spirit of the act which places the power in the hands of the General should be carefully observed. The nation meant that all good soldiers should be exempt from an infliction tending to demoralize; yet here, in a city held in profound peace, no soldier on pass, or even a sentinel on his post, was secure, and the fiat of a subaltern consigned him to this fate.

Our cook, in whom I took great interest, purchased some meat, which he discovered to be under weight, and the impetuous boy ran back and seized the scales, intending to have them tested, which of course ended in a fight, when both parties were marched off to the provost and flogged. He came back in a dreadful state, and I felt most indignant that such should be the treatment of the best servant I ever had, engaged, too, in protecting our interests.

A Taonist nunnery was near us, and two of the nuns came to look at me, giving me an opportunity of looking at them also. Their short-cropped hair, large feet, and coarse features were very unlike those of the women of China. Indeed they were more like ugly boys.

I took more interest in Gunter than in the nunnery. When I visited the shop, I was conducted over the premises, and saw them making the cakes and bonbons. Everything, I was gratified to see, was clean—the confectioners, the utensils, and the tables. They led me into an inner room, and gave me tea and delicious sponge-cakes, quite as good as the veritable Gunter's. The tea was peculiar in appearance and in flavour, the leaves being large, unrolled, and of a light green colour, looking like what they really were—dried green leaves. In the box the scent was strong, while the perfume of the made tea filled the room. This perfume is given by a large admixture of fresh orange blossoms with the dried tea, which absorbs the aroma, after which the blossoms are carefully removed. I bought some at five shillings a pound, but I found it too delicate for our system of preparing with milk and sugar, yet of great value in flavouring other tea.

Peach and walnut kernels were candied with sugar. Apples, after being peeled, cored, and stewed, were also candied, and all made excellent sweetmeats. The dried dates were larger and better than any I had yet tasted.

## CHAPTER VI.

Chops—The Waters of the Peiho—Villages—Singular Landscape—Wedding Anniversary—Tung-Chow—Privilege of using Mandarin Chairs—Chinese Curiosity—Beggars—Difference of Taste—Road to Peking—Murder of an English Officer—Traffic—Chinese Lanterns—Gates of Peking.

On his return, the General brought us an invitation from Mr. Bruce, to visit Peking, an invitation I eagerly accepted. Accompanied by two officers of the battalion, we started on the 2nd September. It fell to my lot to lay in stores and make the necessary arrangements. The fresh and perishable provisions were packed in a barrel between masses of ice, and thus our beef and mutton were preserved to our destination, though the heat had but little abated. We had three chops, one for

ourselves, one for the two officers, and one for our servants and for cooking. Indeed, the arrangements were not unlike those of the Indus, except that the boats were built for travelling, not, as on that river, fitted up for the occasion. The chops are small, neatly and strongly put together, and scrupulously clean. The cabin has a tilted roof of bamboo and mat, covering the centre with the raised stand to be found in every Chinese bedroom. On each side is a gangway for the boatmen to pole up the stream. The light boat is pulled up the current by one of the crew of three, a second poling, and the third steering. Numbers of heavy junks were ascending the stream, as on the Indian rivers, by a rope made fast to the mast-head, and a string of men dragging it along the bank. When our chop had to pass one of these, our boatmen would stop, and a man in the junk would unbutton the rope, pass it on to the end clear of his mast, and re-button it, after which the boatman on shore trudged on. In this way between two and three miles were accomplished each hour.

The waters of the Peiho are chiefly derived from the Grand Canal, or rather the Eu-ho river, for the canal really joins this river some distance

from Tientsin. The narrow stream we took was nearly choked with junks, the crush continuing for a considerable distance. Besides those moored to the bank, numbers were dropping down with enormous stacks of millet straw in bundles, like sticks, as thick as one's finger. The grain is used for food, the leaves make mats for cover, and even dresses to keep off rain. The stalk often does duty for the bamboo (that plant so idolized in China), and sometimes is cut up for firewood.

The loss of a tributary, whose mouth we passed a few miles from the town, narrowed the stream still further. Over it a bridge of wood was thrown, supported on two rows of thick stakes, on which the beams rested. The incline to each bank was very sharp, as is usually the case with bridges in China.

I found the chop well constructed for comfort in such a climate. The sides of the cabin were composed of planks, resting in a groove like shutters, enabling us to exclude the sun on the one side, while we kept the other side open. As the river wound continually, we were often compelled to take out or to put up our shutters. There was a miniature cage of straw, containing a green

locust, whose shrill and unmusical scream was annoying. The boatmen, at my request, took their little pet to chirp its songs for their amusement. The plaintive chorus by which they relieve the monotony of their toilsome work was more pleasing to me. The path they moved on was only broad enough for one, and in many places had been altogether swept away.

Where a bend brings the rush of water against a bank, muddy swamps form on one side, while the pathway on the other disappears, and the towering millet is left hanging over the water, throwing numerous little obstacles in the new way. Often in my evening walks I would be lost in great fields of millet, rising far over my head. Again I would hit on the river in mud and shallows, and have great difficulty in regaining the boat. The country was not devoid of beauty, and even of picturesque and well-wooded spots, green with rich grass, and waving with the broad leaves of the castor-oil plant.

Sometimes the straggling villages would give place to a large town, such as Yang-swin or Hoolia-woo. Once we came on a fleet of junks moored to a bank where mat huts had been erected, like

those of a troop of emigrants commencing a settlement in a new country.

All was so peaceful and quiet that it was difficult to believe a few months only had passed since this had been the theatre of war; nor of war only, for it was here some English prisoners had experienced barbarities seldom offered by an enemy. In our first rambles one of the gentlemen carried a gun, which he soon saw was a useless burden, for there was not a game bird, though the land looked suitable for snipe, nor did a wild duck float on the river, though many fine tame ones dived their heads into its mud. Magpies flew about, numerous as crows in England.

I got on the top of a sandy hillock, and had an extensive view of a singular landscape. As far as my eye could reach, a sea of ripe millet was spread around, for miles and miles, without a break. These giant stalks reared aloft their brown heads. Not a tree broke the sameness, or relieved the colour of this magnificent field of grain. Far away over the space I caught a glimpse of a white sail.

"Surely," I exclaimed, "the river cannot run there?"

I turned to trace its course, and straight across

the stream, over miles of waving millet, the setting sun shone on another sail. A line drawn between the two would cross at right angles the banks I had been walking on for miles.

For the last day a range of distant hills had been faintly visible, and now I could distinctly trace them. I judged from the spurs I saw sloping to the plain, that we would enter a valley formed by the Peiho.

Although there were fields of grass, I saw few cattle and no sheep. The millet was being cut, and waggons were used, like an English dray on a small scale, drawn by five mules, one in the shafts, and two pair in the traces, all remarkably fine animals.

I spent the anniversary of my wedding-day on the Peiho. The evening was lovely, both calm and clear, and we did not moor for the night till eight o'clock. At midnight I awoke. The wind howled, the rain pattered loudly upon our mat covering, and from two old leaks fell in a cascade on our bed. It was long before the thunder, and the disturbance caused by the labour necessary to turn aside the falling water, allowed me again to sleep. The next sun ushered in a change of weather. When I got up

the morning was cold and raw, and it required a considerable amount of rousing on the part of our indefatigable soldier-servant before the boatmen could be induced to exchange grunts for action. I must do them the justice to say that they were far superior to the same class in India, both in intelligence and as workmen.

After breakfast I observed, in the distance, what seemed to be the sail of a junk, yet proved to be a pagoda in the city of Tung-chow, where the boatmen promised we should arrive in time to start for Peking at three P.M. Dinner was ordered at two o'clock, that we might be ready for the journey. As we neared Tung-chow we had to thread our way through dense masses of large junks, that carry the tribute grain to the royal city. When our boats drew near, crowds collected to see us land, and manifested far greater curiosity than the villagers along our route. The navigation ceases at Tung-chow, though a canal has been carried from the river to the walls of the Imperial city. It is a city with walls and suburbs, similar to Tientsin, though not so densely peopled.

We had each obtained a passport, granting us permission to travel in China for a year, without

let or hindrance, as people of "known respectability," with the restriction that we were not to visit a city in the possession of the rebels—the Chinese authorities undertaking to furnish us with aid in case of necessity. We had also provided ourselves with a letter, in Chinese, to the prefect, or chief magistrate, of Tung-chow, requesting the indulgence of two mandarin chairs to convey us to Peking. The officials are jealous of granting permission to use these chairs, as they mark rank and authority, mere wealth constituting no claim, and only mandarins of a high class ever presuming to enter one at Peking. At Hong-Kong, and under our *régime* at Tientsin, the only necessary qualification was half a dollar, and the most frequent occupants were tipsy sailors.

While waiting for the prefect's answer, the crowd grew larger and larger, pressing into the water above their knees to look at us. The cook was instantly detected to be a southerner, and he was so much abashed by the numerous gazers, that he sat down on deck, and hid his face behind a great white umbrella he had proudly purchased for the journey.

All over the provinces the Chinese have the most

exaggerated idea of the magnificence of the capital, and our boy came up brimful of curiosity and expectation, doomed to a speedy disappointment. It was difficult to keep the crowds out of the boats. One, who gained a footing, caught up a fragment of the *Illustrated London News*, and ran away with it to his friends, who seemed highly to appreciate his prize. I regretted not having a parcel of old numbers for distribution. A man brought to the window a gaily-dressed little girl struggling in his arms. He wished her to look at me, but as the poor child was in mortal terror of the barbarian, I told him to *wilo*, understood by the Chinese as a command to go away—they thinking it English, and we supposing it Chinese.

A few strings of cash,* thrown in handfuls for a scramble, caused much merriment. These people always enjoy a practical joke, and the smallest *contretemps* produces peals of laughter. A well-dressed man was knocked down, another splashed with mud, by the ragged crew striving for the cash, and they were obliged to join in the laugh at themselves.

* Cash is always on a string ; the coins have a square hole in the centre for this purpose.

The beggars were an unfortunate and wretched set, with every species of deformity, and every sore that flesh is heir to. One ragged boy, with intelligence written upon his flat Tartar face, put out his hand, and said, "Hand." Seeing he had attracted attention, he went on, "one—two—three" —counting in good English up to twenty; then putting his finger into his eye, he added—"eye—ear —nose." The astonishment of the Briton, when the Bedouin Arab, under the shadow of the pyramids, demands bucksheesh in set English terms, was nothing to mine when thus accosted almost beneath the walls of the little-known city of Cathay.

We engaged the boats to await our return, and taking only the things required at Peking, left the remainder in charge of the boatmen. Wine, beer, tins of preserved provisions, spoons and forks of Sarl's Argentine (which they might well suppose to be silver), were thus left to the honesty of the crew, a step considered of at least doubtful wisdom. I have ever found my Chinese servants honest, although they bear a bad character, and I decided to trust these people.

Two hours elapsed before a conveyance came.

It was a native cart, drawn by a mule; two others soon followed, and a waggon with three mules for our baggage. I began to think the chairs must have been denied, the more so as the privilege had not been granted to the American minister when he travelled on this road a year before. I therefore selected and entered my Peking cab. The crowd formed a lane to let me pass, and then surrounded the carriage. The women raised the curtain, and put in the little children to look at me, all merry and good-humoured. I distributed a tin of English biscuits, and much gratified both the mammas and children with the English "chow-chow." The Chinese are fond of our bread. Often I gave a piece to one of our boatmen, who divided it, however small, among the three. Once, by way of an especial treat, I spread butter on the slice, but no sooner did they taste it than they expressed dislike. To return my civility, they brought me one morning a bowl of their food, with chop-sticks. It was full of pork fat and onions. As I could not summon resolution to touch it, I asked for some of their millet cake instead, an arrangement which quite satisfied them.

Peking is connected with the head of the navigation of the Peiho by a canal and a road. I

believe both to be in a ruinous condition. The road is about nine miles long, and I venture to say it is the most expensive and the worst ever constructed. A causeway has been raised about six feet above the level of the country, and this was paved, for a uniform breadth of thirty feet, with enormous slabs of cut granite. The labour and material for such a work may be calculated by an engineer. Certainly they would go far to make all the public buildings in London. Since its construction—more than a century ago—it has never been repaired, and the constant traffic has worn ruts two feet deep and more into the stone. Throughout its entire length the pavement is full of such holes, which, after a shower, fill with rain, presenting a uniform surface, whose treachery it is difficult even to imagine.

The worn blocks, covered with greasy mud, are slippery as ice, and the tendency is towards these chasms, into which the leg goes as into a pit. Sad experience has taught the mules of Peking what this road is, but no amount of care can always save them, and wheels of carts and legs of animals are sacrificed in hecatombs to the evil genius of him who planned this highway.

The English who have travelled over it, as well as the American minister, would place Macadam on a pedestal among the benefactors of the human race. Never before had I seen a more striking instance of the truth of the saying, that "knowledge is power."

I was prepared for a drive full of interest, but a few minutes convinced me that I had commenced a fatiguing and even dangerous task. Thrown into a hole, I grasped with terror the sides of my conveyance, when a terrible jolt jerked me to the opposite side, my arms bruised and my head bewildered. I was in the act of descending, resolved to walk to Peking, when, to my delight, the mandarin chairs appeared.

With a sigh of relief I took my seat, and could scarcely believe it was the same road I then glided over so smoothly. Full of Peking, I paid little attention to Tung-chow, though I saw that its walls were larger, and not regular like those of Tientsin. We passed through it, and about a mile beyond came to an imposing marble bridge over the canal between the river and the imperial city. The road, running in the same direction as the canal, turns sharply to the right, and again to the left, when

the bridge is passed, leading straight on to the metropolis.

The action of Pali-Chow was fought here, when the Tartars made their last stand to save the capital of their Emperor. A battery of our Artillery swept the road and the bridge, and its fire was fatal to the Celestials in their retreat. The blocks of marble still bear testimony to the destructive nature of this cannonade, entire spaces of the ornamental balusters being torn away, and masses of the stone splintered and jagged where single shots had struck.

The last act of the Tartar General, when he left this spot, smarting from his wounds and his defeat, was to order the execution of his prisoner, a gallant and promising British officer. In a tope of trees close by, it is said, the murder was committed, and from the bridge the body was thrown into the canal. So long as it stands will live the memory of this deed, its folly only equalled by its cruelty.

As I sadly crossed I thought of the sufferings of the prisoners, so treacherously taken, borne into Peking in a cart, over such a road, their swollen hands tied with cords that cut into their flesh,

parched with thirst, enduring torments no human beings could long survive.

The rain having filled the holes, and made the stones like glass, with all their care the bearers could not keep from falling. The pace was not more than a mile and a half an hour, and two or three times the chairs came down.

The traffic was considerable, chiefly on the backs of donkeys, whole droves of which were moving on, with their noses encased in nets. The sound of waggons approaching was like the discharge of guns, as they plunged into the stone ruts. An immense herd of great black pigs went by, extending half a mile. They were on a lower road, one that in India would be called *cutcha*. The pigs I saw in the south were of the pure China breed, short noses, short legs, long backs, marked black and white, altogether fine animals. Those in the north were very inferior, large, coarse, black, long-nosed, hungry-looking creatures.

Under shady trees tables were spread, with slices of melon, cups of tea, and cakes, like apple-stalls in England. A boy was bawling out the price of his wares, heartily recommending them to the passers-by, when suddenly he saw me, and his mouth

remained open with astonishment until I was fairly out of sight. Our bearers stopped twice by the road-side at places "all the same," to use the southern jargon, as an English public-house, the principal beverage being hot tea. Tables and benches were placed for the accommodation of customers, and troughs overflowed with clear water for animals to drink.

We found, as night overtook us, that we had started too late on our journey. Lanterns were purchased, of white horn, prettily ornamented with vermilion-coloured paper, each furnished with a candle, a much nicer and cleaner light than the flaring torch of the Indian *mussaulchee*. Three of them hanging to each chair, two in front and one behind, and three or four more in the hands of our bearers, gave us the appearance of a night procession. Frequent shots from the villages told of habitations near. We could not see through the gloom. All we knew was that we were moving on the same dreadful road, passing fields and trees.

At length I perceived we had reached the suburbs, where we met two watchmen, one striking a gong, and the other producing a loud and singularly unpleasant sound from a hollow bamboo. It

was eleven o'clock at night, and though we passed between long rows of houses, not a soul was to be seen.

Suddenly the enormous gates of Peking barred the way, and our consternation may be imagined on finding their gigantic portals closed against us. Our soldier servant was on the top of the waggon, and our friends were there also, contemplating in grief the remains of our last bottle of sherry, broken beneath the waggon, where the wine had found its level in a rut. Our guide wrote a Chinese letter to a functionary within, and the reply was thus translated by our cook:

"The English who are outside the gates, and desire to enter, cannot enter till to-morrow morning."

The servant who had knocked loudly at the gate, and shouted at the top of his voice, attracted a few Chinamen, who said, "Combien, combien." This we understood to refer to the bribe we were prepared to give, to get the gates opened, which provoked the wrath of the rifleman, who indignantly asked, "Is there ever another gate to let us in?"

My husband went with a Chinaman to look for shelter. Unaccustomed to the road, his first step

was into a hole over his knees. He found, in a sort of caravanserai, two empty rooms—preferable to the alternative of remaining all night at the gate. The room allotted to us had a brick floor, with the erection so common in the country for our bed. Even in the severe winter of this region a small pan of charcoal will raise the temperature of a bed placed on this stand to an unpleasant heat. I never tasted worse tea than I got here, and as no other refreshment could be procured, we retired supperless to bed.

We had not been informed that the gates of Peking are closed at sun-set and opened at sun-rise —that a road of nine miles would take more than seven hours to traverse—and that the Peking bearers were the worst, as well as the most expensive, in the world. Hence this *contretemps*.

## CHAPTER VII.

The Seat of Government—Peculiarities of the Imperial City—South-Eastern Gate—The Streets and Houses—Advertisements and Shops—Residence of the English Ambassador—Portrait of the Queen—Mr. Bruce's Private Apartments—The Imperial Palaces.

THE translation of Peking is, "the Court of the North." The word is always here spelt with a final "g." To understand this city, keep in mind that it is the seat of Government of the most centralized and the most populous empire on earth. The seat of Government only—nothing more. The innumerable Boards of office sit here; the innumerable mandarins who form these innumerable Boards are grouped around the great central figure, the Emperor; he within the double wall of the Palace, and all within the colossal walls of the Tartar city.

Walls surround the offices of the Boards, walls surround the palaces of the chief mandarins, walls surround the temples and the prisons. Who, knowing this, will be surprised, on entering Peking, to find that it is a city more of walls than of houses?

It stands near the end of the great plain we had passed over from the sea. Beyond, in a semi-circle, were the mountains we had been nearing for days —not very high—the beginning of a region of desolation, through which is carried the most celebrated of all these walls—the "Great Wall of China"—though in size it is nowhere to be compared to that around the Tartar city of Peking.

This city, although not mathematically perfect, may be called a square, each side being four miles in length, facing to a cardinal point of the compass. The line of fortification, therefore, is sixteen miles long, consisting of a plain wall of most astounding magnitude, with square bastions at regular intervals abutting on it.

The peculiarity of the Imperial city is that the quarter of the Chinese is not massed around the wall as a suburb, but inclosed in one of its own. Thus, there are two cities adjoining, differing in three main points. First, in shape, the Tartar city being a

square, the Chinese an oblong. Second, the Tartar is a complete inclosure, the Chinese is inclosed only on three sides, the fourth, where the two cities adjoin, being left open, and the one separated from the other by the south face of the great Tartar wall. Third, in the magnitude of their defences, that of the Tartar being the greatest wall in the world; the other an ordinary work, and looking miserably small in comparison.

The Tartar city is defended from the Chinese city by its south face, while the latter is open to the former, three mighty gates leading into main streets, and penetrating to the heart of the city of the Chinese. The south is the only face with three gates, each of the others having two. They are in keeping with the huge walls through which they lead, structures on a scale so enormous as to astound and awe the spectator. A curtain incloses a court, and buildings are erected on the gate, and over the curtain in front, on the same stupendous scale.

The streets are straight and very broad, cutting each other at right angles. The palace stands near the centre, facing the Chinese city, and ex-

actly opposite is the main gate leading into that city by a street which cuts it into two equal parts. Standing at the middle gate, the spectator looks down this street to the south gate of the Chinese city, along a broad street some two miles long, as straight as an arrow—a magnificent vista.

This portion of the metropolis, in which the conquerors and the conquered are so singularly linked together, is, as I have said, an oblong. Its walls begin at the south face of the Tartar city, as if that wall were prolonged to each flank, the difference being that the continuation is a pigmy one. It is carried out on each side less than half a mile, both the eastern and western projection having a gate penetrating into the open country to the north. Thus the Chinese have about a mile of wall with two gates, independent of the domineering Tartar face that frowns over their city. The east and west walls are about two miles deep, and the south of course some five miles long. Therefore the line of fortification is, as near as I can guess, ten miles, together with the south face, four of the Tartar city. Striking out that four as common to both, there remain twelve miles of Tartar walls, and ten miles of Chinese walls, making a line of

fortification around the city of the Court of twenty-two miles.

There is one gate on the east and another on the west of the Chinese city, with a broad street running straight from the one to the other. As the south face is penetrated by three gates, the total number by which this metropolis is entered from the country is thirteen, besides the three from the Tartar into the Chinese city.

Early next morning the gates were reported to be opened, and we were soon on our journey. It was the 7th of September when I made my entry into Peking by the south-eastern gate. Its gigantic proportions positively startled me. I looked to my right and to my left as I came up, and as far as I could see bastion succeeded bastion on both sides, growing less and less in perspective away in the distance. Towering above me, as I approached, arose a huge building, tier of embrasures above tier, like the ports of a line-of-battle ship, with what seemed to be batteries of guns, though I was told they were enormous shams, the menacing array being mere paint and wood.

All Europeans must feel disappointment on first entering Peking. There is an innate love of con-

gruity—a feeling in the human mind that things should be in harmony—which is offended when grossly outraged, and I never more strongly experienced this feeling than when I entered Peking. "Of all nations of impostors the Chinese must take the foremost place!" I mentally exclaimed, as my glance shot down the broad and dirty street, taking in miles of mean and filthy houses. "Is this the treasure inclosed by so wonderful a wall?—Did ever grand casket hold so paltry a gem?—Did ever, even in the wildest flight of Irish fancy, imposing entrance lead to so poor a hovel?"

If a striking contrast were aimed at, the success has been complete. The magnitude of the exterior, unequalled by any other city, raises the expectations, while it lowers by comparison all objects in its vicinity. What must be thought of the really poor houses by the stranger whose eye has undergone a kind of inflation which nothing less than a line of palaces could satisfy? The dwarfing process is further helped out by the immense length and breadth of the streets. The one we were in was miles long, and perhaps as broad as Oxford Street.

We turned into another still longer, traversing it for nearly a mile. So strong on me was

the effect of the collapse, that I had gone far before I observed what was to be seen in these streets.

Poor houses look mean in broad streets. The Indian bazaars built by us are miserable-looking places, while the narrow winding alleys of the native ones have a certain picturesque beauty. Canton, with its innumerable sign-boards all glittering with gold, and the bustle in its thronged curved streets, was very unlike the scene that now opened before me. There was not much difference in the shops, the people, or the things to be seen, yet there were circumstances that rendered the difference between the two almost as great as that between light and darkness. These broad highways were unmade roads, unpaved, unmetaled. Here was a heap of rubbish, there a pond of dirty water. One of my first ideas was the great value of space within walls that must have cost the wealth of a province, yet space seemed to be of the least account. The houses straggled over the enclosed region, leaving large blocks altogether unoccupied, and there was an air of decay, even under the eye of the Emperor, I believe to be associated with everything in China.

I passed numberless stalls in the centre of these

broad ways, displaying for sale all kinds of eatables. I had ample opportunity to observe here the taste and neatness with which the Chinese conduct their shopping arrangements. Their vegetables are prepared for market as well at least as our own at Covent Garden, and many nations might follow their example with benefit.

The houses are generally one-storeyed, though I noticed several with two, the material being brick, and the roofing solid and massive tiles, as elsewhere in the empire. The wood-work of the better shops gives the character to the streets. The fronts are handsome in the highest degree, rich in their harmonious blending of carving, gilding, and colouring, and open to the street, the cross-beams being supported on pillars. They are closed at night, like ours, with shutters. A few paces before many of them tall poles are erected, displaying elaborate sign-boards. In both North and South a Chinese city is a city of sign-boards; they are an advertising and puffing people.

Some of their best establishments, as with us, are a little way retired, and display no highly-gilded signs or rich merchandise. These are fashionable shops, trusting for custom to their established

reputation. Shoes and caps must be the vanities of these Northern people, to judge by the stylish exhibition of these articles. The butchers' shops reminded me of those of England—fine joints hanging by hooks from a bar over the counter, and, to complete the resemblance, the butcher with his blue apron.

Of course the metropolis was not wanting in the peculiar fancy of the Chinese—coffins, in great variety and elaborate finish. Many of the stalls were covered by sheds, and much business seemed to be transacted, as they chiefly dealt in necessary articles of food, and the pedlars and criers had each their own place.

Two drains divided these broad ways into three portions—a raised one in the centre, and a wide pathway on each side, sloping from the houses to the cuttings, if these terms can be applied to such miserable work. A turn to our right brought us to a well constructed wall, tiled with yellow porcelain—the Imperial colour—denoting the outer inclosure of the palace.

I had begun to think there was no end to this dead wall, when it turned sharply to the right, and suddenly we entered a region of trees.

Before us was a wide open space, crossed at the end by the gigantic walls of the city, the south face separating us from the Chinese town.

Straight through the open space came the dry bed of a canal, now in ruins, with blocks of its cut stone lying amongst the rubbish that filled it up. Its course led under the inclosure of the palace, where it was lost. A bridge of marble spanned it near this spot, and I could see another higher up. There was a wide thoroughfare on both its banks, and beyond, towering up, and cutting off all further view, rose the giant wall. On each side the thoroughfare was fenced with the usual brick-work, and over it was the bright green foliage of trees. We crossed the canal and turned up the thoroughfare on its left bank. The British ensign floated over a handsome gate, through which we went, entering the fine and newly macadamized court of the Embassy.

The residence of the English Ambassador was built by an Emperor for his brother, and is, I imagine, a good specimen of the best buildings of the kingdom. The peculiar mode of the Chinese in erecting detached buildings, and never massing their rooms into one structure, has before been ad-

verted to. This residence covers a considerable space, blending together houses and gardens. There are three principal buildings, one standing behind the other, in parallel lines, on elevated plateaux, each raised one step above the last, as in the Allied Commissioner's Yamaun at Canton, giving the spectator a view of the three in beautiful perspective, one through the other.

The first stands by itself, a noble room, approached by a fine flight of stone steps, with two colossal figures of lion-headed monsters, cut from the solid stone.

The second is on a smaller scale, equally beautiful, both being pure Chinese, singularly rich, and tastefully decorated. The heavy roofs are supported, as is usual in this country, not by walls, but by massive pillars of wood, varnished, and painted a shining brilliant red. Beneath the eaves the wood-work is perforated, and painted with shining tints of red, blue, green, and yellow, producing a striking and unique effect. The beams supporting the roof are decorated with an artistic skill that speaks highly for the taste that designed and carried out the work. The court between the second and the third row is surrounded by

houses facing it. The pavement has been taken up, and the space planted and laid out as a garden.

The third building differs altogether in character. The place had been taken on a perpetual lease from the Chinese when almost in ruins. The two first structures had been simply restored, but the third was remodelled, and the Ambassador's apartments were established there. The spacious hall has a reception-room on the right, and a dining-room on the left. The roof of the drawing-room, unlike that of the other buildings, is a panelled ceiling, each panel being about a yard square, of a beautiful green, the centre formed into a circle with an elaborately wrought dragon in gold.

The walls had been decorated by the taste of one of the Embassy in a very happy manner. A cherry-coloured paper reached half-way to the ceiling, where a broad band of buff relieved it, and again the cherry-colour was carried to the top. Over this was placed richly-carved wood-work, collected from the windows and doors of the numerous buildings on the estate, the dark carving of the wood coming beautifully out from the cherry-colour ground.

The principal ornament is a handsome life-size portrait of Her Majesty by Sir George Hayter. The Queen's fair face, surrounded by its magnificent frame, looked so fresh, that I wondered when I reflected on the trials it had borne before it reached its position. I was told that the Chinese frequently "koo-too" to this picture, looking right queenly, as Her Majesty does, in her coronation robes.

Many English niceties and comforts were charmingly blended with the Chinese designs—Oriental vases, enamels, and jades. The same plan was carried out in the furniture. English carpets and curtains, piano, sofas, and chairs, were mixed with the tables and tea-poys of the Flowery Kingdom.

Mr. Bruce's private apartments communicated by a passage, the building being detached. The dining-room requires little mention, as in appearance it was quite English. The secretary's apartments are on the left of the court, and those of the doctor and other attachés are on the right, the whole space being shaded by one of those immense roofs of matting so common in the country, spread on high poles during the summer months. These

lines of buildings, as in our own house in Tientsin, face the south, and, therefore, look towards the south wall, near to which they stand.

Those who have followed me in the description I have attempted to give of Peking, will know that the Residency must be in the centre of the metropolis, the Chinese portion beginning on the other side of the huge barrier. Turning, then, from the canal through the gate of the Embassy, the visitor has not this brilliant perspective of buildings before him; they are to his right, which lessens the grandeur of the effect.

There are several rows of stables and outhouses in the entrance court, furnishing accommodation for the escort and for visitors. A high wall divides the "Foo," as the whole estate is termed, into two parts—the show, or reception part, I have described, and the family, or private portion, still in a ruinous condition, and in the hands of workmen.

Mr. Bruce's kind housekeeper conducted me over these grounds. There was a row of neat English houses, nearly completed, for the education of students qualifying for the consulate in China.

The principal interpreter rules in this part of

the "Foo," and though the house allotted to him was in a dilapidated state, it will be, when re-decorated, a very handsome residence. It looked on a garden that shewed signs of much labour and no mean taste and skill. The artist had succeeded in his evident object of presenting a rural scene from the house, leaving the imagination to roam beyond the rising ground bounding the view not many yards from the spectator. He had crowded into the small space as many objects of interest as it could contain. A subterranean passage led to the top. At the base was a marble bath, with a well for the supply of water, and near, piled up in fantastic shape, was one of the quaint rockeries of the country. Besides these were many outhouses, needless to describe, and amongst them a prison, the bars of which had been hewn out of blocks of solid granite.

The imagination may picture the residences of the Celestial Emperors, when the mode of building peculiar to this people is kept in mind. The Imperial Palace, in the heart of the city, is a place of reception and ceremonial, the Yuen-ming-yuen, or Summer Palace, about six miles from Peking, being the general residence of these monarchs,

though there are many others scattered over the kingdom. The plan of the city palace has been carried out with the main object of producing the most imposing *coup-d'œil*, and of making the presentation to the Emperor as impressive a scene as this ceremonious people can desire to behold in its spacious courts and buildings. The Court colours the very air of Peking, and tinges everything with its hue, the whole city having been built as an appendage to this palace, expressly planned, as must be clear to all who have seen it, with the sole view of adding to the grandeur of the Emperor.

With the vitality of the dynasty appears to sink that of the metropolis, if the mere appendage of a monarch can be dignified with such a title. The capital gives the idea of a vast congregation of people living without trade or labour. It seems to be a many-headed monster, which can only subsist on the plunder of the industrious.

Entering by the south gate of the Chinese city, a street, as I have said, of two miles, faces the visitor, bounded by the stupendous middle gate of the Tartar south wall. The vast structures over the gate and curtain, looming through the vista, are on a scale worthy of the portals guarding the resi-

dence of the "Brother of the Moon." When they are passed, the visitor fronts the gates of the Palace, beyond which I saw nothing, for the imperial residence was closed to us all. No doubt its interior arrangements are commensurate with the grandeur of the being whom the Celestials have elevated so high. The yellow tiles of the buildings, rising one behind the other, over the outer walls around the Palace, are seen in perspective, the Emperor being throned in that which is most remote from the spectator.

The most remarkable imperial residence in the world is perhaps the Yuen-ming-yuen. It is connected with the city palace by a road similar in every respect to that connecting the capital with the Peiho.

Mr. Bruce spread on his billiard-table a map that nearly covered it, giving a bird's-eye view of this palace, including the minutest objects, executed with the elaborate finish that often marks the art of the Chinese. Many square miles are enclosed by a fine wall, within which the highest efforts of this people in landscape gardening and in architecture have been displayed, till the whole has assumed a fairy-like form. Nature has been at once imitated

and distorted, the most charming beauties of real scenery being mingled with the most grotesque products of Chinese imagination.

At least a third of the extent is water—not in one sheet, but flowing in innumerable channels in all directions through the grounds. Perfect gems of the picturesque are met at every turn. Trees hang over placid streams, or throw a deep shade over rushing water. Steep cliffs rise abruptly from still lakes, and dark rocks frown over beds brilliant with flowers. Each succeeding emperor, choosing some favourite locality, has erected his own palace, till every spot of beauty has been selected by the departed monarchs, and the buildings have become so numerous, that this most magnificent of gardens has half grown into a city.

At every turn, and in the most unexpected places, these palaces are to be seen. One stands on an island approached by a zig-zag bridge; another, rising from the edge of a precipice, looks down on a stream, and on the lake opening beyond; while a third crowns the summit of a gentle rise half buried in a forest of trees. The wanderer is sometimes lost in a wilderness walk surrounded by all that is gloomy and sad. It lies along the base of the hills

that rise near Peking, and the Tartar from the wilds its possessor came from, moves through the desert regions beyond, among the most desolate on earth, and drops suddenly on this elysium, one of the most startling changes a human being could experience.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Visit to the French Embassy—Ignorance in Road-Making—The Slamma Temple and the Bonzes—Peking Curios—Roman Catholic Cathedral—Missionaries—Market Gardens—The Yuen-Ming-Yuen—Announcement of the Emperor's Death—The Hunting Tour—Official Memorials.

Acting on advice, I had sent my horse by the road, and he had performed the journey with ease in three days. We were to see Peking on horseback, and our rides were to take place early in the morning, as the weather was still hot. The first day we proceeded to the French Embassy, to meet Madame de Bourbillon, who kindly consented to accompany us—a charming and accomplished guide. We entered by a gate we had passed on our way to the Embassy, through the dead

wall tiled with yellow porcelain, and I saw it was a mere outer inclosure to the palace. A road led between this wall and a wide moat faced with blocks of granite, the palace rising beyond. It stood on higher ground, and as it was shrouded from view by lofty battlements, we saw little more than the porcelain tiles of the roofs. This outer wall therefore ran round what with us would be termed the crest of the glacis, of all others the place that should be kept open and free from cover, according to our European notions. Adjoining, and walled in as a portion of the palace, is an elevation called (and I believe translated from Chinese) Prospect Hill, with a marble pagoda on its crest, the only hill within Peking, said to have been formed by a pile of coal accumulated for a threatened siege. It is now bright with vegetation and marble buildings, and derives an historical interest from the fact that on its summit died the last of the Ming dynasty who reigned over China. When all was lost he retired with his only daughter to this spot, and having slain her, fell by his own hand. It is not inaptly termed "Prospect," for I can well imagine the view from the lovely hill to be one of striking beauty. In death the

last of the seventeen Ming sovereigns looked over the most extensive city then in the world, the capital of the most extensive empire, in insurrection at his feet, and the enemy at his gates. Then it was he took the only step, in the opinion of his people, open to so great a sovereign, and one vainly urged on the degenerate descendant of his successor, when the English guns thundered within hearing of the city, and his Tartar army was scattered like chaff.

We came on a magnificent marble bridge, thrown over a lake rapidly turning into a swamp. Innumerable lotus flowered over the surface of the water. High grass grew on the marshy banks, far away into the distance. Prospect Hill rose abruptly on the right, and ornamental islands were dotted here and there. It was a singular scene of wild beauty for the heart of one of the most populous cities. Nor was the bridge unworthy of the scene. The whole was of white marble, even to the pavement. Its great width displayed its elaborately carved balustrades, that shewed through their exquisite chiselling the weeds on the neglected water, strikingly combining the extremes of the rank wildness of Nature and of the elaborate ornamenta-

tion of man. We rode through many streets on our return—some narrow and dirty, and one or two paved as the road from Tung-Chow.

An Englishman can scarcely credit the ignorance displayed here in road-making. That one highway should be in a state of nature, a receptacle for drainage and rubbish, and that another should be paved with hewn blocks, soon to become even more impassable than the former, displays an amount of neglect it is difficult to comprehend. When no road is made we know the people are too poor or too lazy for the work, but when an amount of labour and material is bestowed on one mile sufficient for a hundred good macadamized streets, we may well wonder; and still more when that one mile becomes the worst that ever was formed.

Numerous travellers passed in covered carriages drawn by mules, like that in which I had vainly essayed to make my entry. These were the regular cabs of Peking. Stands of them were drawn up in the broader streets, others moving about to procure fares. There are livery stables in various parts of the city where they can be hired. They are neatly built, the wheels unusually massive, strengthened and ornamented with large copper nails, the axle project-

ing half a foot on each side. They have a tilted roof, beneath which the traveller squats on the floor. Though without springs, those who understand how to sway their bodies with the violent jerks, say they are comfortable conveyances. In any crush I feared my habit might get entangled in the projecting axles.

On my return my face and clothes were black with dust, though the soil was of a reddish hue, and in my future expeditions I determined to wear a gauze veil.

At five next morning our cavalcade was moving along a principal street to the Antin Munde—the gate surrendered to Sir Hope Grant when he got his batteries into position. After crossing an open common, we dismounted to see the Slamma Temple. It is a white marble mausoleum exquisitely carved, with more of an Indian than of a Chinese look. A gilded bell-shaped ornament crowns the octagonal sides that rise one above another in tiers, each having a sculptured marble panel, and shewing a different design. A path leading round the octagon enabled us to obtain a close inspection of scenes depicted on a series of these panels. They were incidents in the life of an Empress, the last shewing her

in death, with the sorrowing survivors grouped around her bed, amongst them two lions weeping and tearing their hair.

The bonzes* seemed pleased to shew us the place, and examined with curiosity our clothes, my husband's watch-chain, and Mr. Bruce's spurs.

The common is bounded by a singular artificial mound, behind which the British army had expected to meet their Tartar enemy in their final struggle for Peking. We passed through the *bund*, which is of immense size, and overgrown with trees and vegetation, apparently an outer defence to a portion of the walls of the city. In returning home we cantered over this enclosed space, where the Tartar army encamps when massed for the protection of the capital, and ascending a mound in the centre, we were on the spot where their commander pitches his tent.

The British army encamped on this ground. After the action of Pali-chow they crossed the canal, and made a *detour* to the right, coming down on the north face to disperse Sanko-lin-sin's force, then behind the *bund*. When General Grant had gained the position to force the barrier, he turned

* Priests.

to his left and moved on the *bund;* while the French army, following in the rear (under the impression the British were still in front), marched straight on, and entered the Yuen-ming-yuen. The result was not happy for the French army, for, while ours turned off for battle, theirs went off to plunder.

Our way was through paths intersecting fields and burying-grounds, among them the Russian cemetery, a place of great interest, for there lay the victims of Chinese treachery—the bodies of Bowlby, Anderson, de Norman, and many others, who fell by a crime scarcely paralleled for folly in modern times.

During the day I amused myself by inspecting Peking curios brought to the "Foo" for sale. Little business was done, though much time was passed, as the vendors commenced by asking three times the price they intended to take, and I found some difficulty in ascertaining what the lowest price was. The articles were the same as at Tientsin. In fact, that town derives its supply from Peking. The price, like that of other commodities, depends on the demand. Though a large portion of these valuables had been taken home by the army on its return, the sum asked was now less than then;

and that obtained for the jades, enamels, and vases captured in the Yuen-ming-yuen, and sold by auction almost on the spot, was much higher than could now have been procured for them.

In the evening we visited the Roman Catholic Cathedral, situated within the city, close to the south-west angle. Its antiquity and size are strong proofs of the success of the Jesuit mission at Peking. Many workmen were engaged in restoring it, for it was in a very dilapidated state. I was informed that the Chinese converts number thirty thousand. This may be an exaggeration, though, I am convinced, professing Christians are numerous, because Chinese toleration is great. Our party was frequently accosted by beggars who prefaced a demand for alms by making the sign of the cross.

The Russian Embassy had held its place in Peking as a religious mission, and when I visited Madame Balusac, I was not surprised to see an ancient chapel overgrown with ivy, and surmounted with a cross.

On the 10th we were early on horseback, and on our way to the cemetery of the Roman Catholic mission. Though the road led us again through the

north face, this time it was by the west gate, outside which long rows of low houses were shown as a Tartar barrack. Many soldiers were moving about with an air and carriage not very martial. It was strange to look upon men with whom, but a few months before, we had been engaged in a deadly war.

The burying-ground is entered through a court, where the keeper resides, with whom we left our horses. Two handsome monuments stand at the entrance, one to St. Ignatius, founder of the order of Jesuits (to which the Peking mission belonged), on the right, and the other to St. Joseph, on the left. The space, which forms an oblong, is walled in, and covers about four acres. It was filled with the monuments of departed priests. There is a raised altar at the end, with a broad way leading straight to it from the gate through the centre.

To the right and to the left, in rows, are the remains of those brave missionaries who, for centuries, had preached the word of God in a city only known to the rest of the world through their account. Looking from the altar over the ground, I felt a new-born respect for an order whose martyrs lay in such numbers at my feet—if men can be called

martyrs who lived respected in the field of their labours, and died honoured. But had not these missionaries for ever exiled themselves from their country, their kin, their homes, to labour and to die at the end of the earth, among a strange people—so strange, indeed, as to have scarcely a feeling in common? When I put this question to my mind, the force of their self-sacrifice, standing on the scene of their labours, and looking down on their tombs, came upon me with an overpowering force. The hearts that had throbbed in these still breasts could have been actuated by no other than noble motives. Even if their object was not so much the advancement of Christ's kingdom, as of their own ambitious order, self-sacrifice is always noble.

The tombs have been preserved with great care, and to many have been given monumental honours accorded only to mandarins of the highest grade—even to the obelisk on the back of the tortoise, erected over several of these graves. In two, which were almost close at my feet, repose the remains of Father Ricci, the founder of the mission in China, and of Father Verbiaste, one of its most energetic members.

Near the gate, the recently disturbed earth in-

dicated the place where many of the prisoners who had died under torture were said to have been first buried, to be afterwards exhumed, and finally placed in the Russian cemetery.

We rode over many of the crossways, and although rain had fallen, they were generally good, owing to the binding nature of the soil, for no labour had been bestowed upon them. In fact, they were simple tracks worn by traffic, often hedged like English lanes, and lined with trees and bushes interwoven with wild convolvulus. Some of the market-gardens were perfect gems of cultivation. The country was pretty and quite rural, showing no signs of the proximity of a vast capital, except where the towering wall of the city reared its dark background through the trees.

Mr. Bruce pointed out the site of the famous Yuen-ming-yuen, marked by a pagoda, extending along the base of the hills rising over the town, about eight miles away. I was more anxious to visit this spot than any other in China. To behold the Yuen-ming-yuen, and to visit Japan, were the main objects of my ambition in my rambles here, in both of which I was doomed to be disappointed. The Chinese made a strong point of not permitting

any intrusion in this direction. Already the ancient glories of the Summer Palace were re-appearing under the hands of many hundreds of workmen. Buildings scattered over such an extent of territory, and so hidden by its innumerable canals, walks, and shrubberies, could not quickly be destroyed, and the greater number of these edifices were not even seen by the Allies. The Mantchou dynasty will find it easier to restore this palace than the prestige of their family, both lost through their insane policy of exclusion, which was not that of their Chinese predecessors.

Some dragon temples, called the Dragon's Delight, standing higher up the hill, are held in great estimation by the Chinese, their white colour coming out in strong relief on the hill-side.

The death of the Emperor had for some weeks been known throughout this part of the empire. We had heard of it before leaving Tientsin. The Chinese are the most circumlocution people on earth, red tape and officialism being the very essence of their government. It was necessary that the fact should be officially proclaimed before the nation plunged into tears and mourning, for which they were prepared. As soon as the pro-

clamation was issued, down poured the tears, all exhibiting themselves and their belongings in deep woe.

To our Embassy the event was announced in these words: "I have the honour to inform you that I have just received news of His Majesty's departure on his great journey, mounted on the big dragon which is to carry him to Heaven, there to become a guest of the celestial abode. I write to inform you of these events, and I wish you at the same time all health and happiness from day to day."

The people ceased to shave, every shop hung out its flag of blue, the sign-posts were painted the same colour, tassels were removed from hats, many clothed themselves in white, commencing thus their eighty days of mourning. The body of the Emperor was to be removed to Peking from Jehol, for interment, with all the ceremonial customary on such occasions. The prophecy of the Board of Censors, with reference to the Emperor's proposed hunting tour, was fulfilled. This monarch, who had allowed our prisoners to be tortured to death in his palace, who had fled on the approach of our army, abandoning his capital and his people, was destined, as the Censors hinted, never to return alive.

The letters taken in the Summer Palace, relating to the hunting tour proposed by Sanko-lin-sin, and adopted by the Emperor, are singularly characteristic of the Chinese, and give a fund of information on the working of their government. When Tientsin was taken, Sanko-lin-sin's eyes were opened, and he saw his inability to fulfill his boasts about hurling the barbarians back to the sea! His talk about cultivating the art of war, and adopting a more manly course of action than his countrymen in the south, ended, as such talk generally does, in disaster to himself. His harsh criticism on the defence of Canton and Nanking recoiled on his own head. Like another general, who will be famous ere this appears in print, in criticising others he left a record that condemned himself. Foreseeing the result, he advised the Emperor to cover his retreat from the capital by undertaking a hunting tour to Jehol.

The ministers, whose official business it is to remonstrate against any act of his Majesty's they consider wrong, denounced this course with truth and vigour; exposing the deceit as too gross even to throw dust in the eyes of the populace, and pre-

dicting that the result would be the loss of the empire.

The Emperor so far gave way to these remonstrances, that the "hunting tour" was changed into an order, "taking the field in person." The president of the Board of Civil Office, and his twenty-three colleagues, thus addressed the Emperor on this change, in language full of satire and of plain truth :—

"They admire the awe-inspiring demeanour and the strategic ability this displayed, but the common people are extremely slow of comprehension; they easily suspect, and with difficulty appreciate; and they will say that the barbarians are to the south-eastward of the capital. The change of plan from a hunting tour to taking the field in person, should induce your Majesty to remain at Tung-chow for the support of Sanko-lin-sin. The taking up a post to the northward of the capital would be a desertion from the seat of war, and accordingly what in name was campaigning, was in reality a hunting tour. The people's mind would be perturbed, and the spirits of the troops would fail. If defence and holding out, in words, are to mean flight and dispersion in fact, your ministers

will not urge on your Majesty that the temples of your ancestors and the altars of the tutelary gods will be abandoned—*i.e.*, that the empire will be lost."

They go on to say:—"These three questions present themselves. First, what if your Majesty should find yourself in a place without any retreat? Second, what if your Majesty's departure should lead to commotion within the capital? Third, what if, elsewhere, your Majesty should be in the midst of more serious dangers? Your Majesty is well familiar with the maxim, that the prince is bound to sacrifice himself for his country."

The next memorial is from Ai-Yin, a censor, and seventy-four others—rather a cumbrous board, and one, I should say, not easily moved. They state their opinion, I suppose we must take it as a compliment, that the barbarians of the present day are nothing comparable in ferocity to those in the times of Yung-Rao, in the Tsing dynasty, A.D 309.

Another board, with the small number of forty mandarins, desire to bring before his Majesty, "that the whole force of the barbarians hardly exceeds 10,000 men, and that Sanko-lin-sin commands more

than 30,000. They make no question that the many might not defeat the few. They desire to notice the fact that the barbarians, who have come from far across the ocean, have hitherto shown that their only object is to trade. Their creeping into Twang-Tung, Tokien, Shanghae, and other places, was only to seize the ports, and not to take possession of the country. Nor have they attempted any conquest of China. Even the point of entering Peking is one which might be satisfactorily disposed of."

But the spirit that moved the Chinese may be better judged from a memorial which an ex-censor, without any official authority, has the coolness and impertinence to address to the sovereign. He says:—

"The capital is most strictly guarded. The spirit of all the inhabitants is raised to the highest pitch, and even women and children are determined to fight to the last. Above all, Sanko-lin-sin is now at the head of several tens of thousands of Mongol troops, who have brought their supplies with them, and who take nothing from the Imperial treasury. Their fidelity and valour are completely proved. If, on the first approach of the rebellious barba-

rians, Takoo and Pehtang had been equally defended, and the barbarians, besides, had been attacked as they advanced, they would have been unable to ascend the shallow and narrow creeks. It was they, be they who they might, who directed the pacific policy, who embarrassed our plans and caused their failure, leading to the occupation of Tientsin. And who are the persons responsible for this? In the time of the Southern Sung dynasty, when the people of Kin raised disturbance, To-fi recommended war, and Tsin-Kwei opposed him, and was the cause of national calamities. If now there are some like Tsin-Kwei near your Majesty's person, it is fitting that the law should overtake their crimes."

A very excellent censor, no doubt, and one who knew how to dispose of those who differed in opinion from himself.

After proposing, in this manner, the extermination of his enemies, the gentleman made what I consider the most impertinent proposition that ever sovereign received from subject—"Your Majesty might make a public confession of your own error, and thus fortify the national resolution." (!)

He attributes to us a money motive in the war,

and recommends that a small portion of the sum proposed to be expended in the purchase of peace should be laid out in detaching from us our Canton Cooly Corps, which he evidently imagined would leave us helpless. He argues that fresh demands will be made every year if the present one be conceded, as the barbarian rebels would always find a pretext. His suggestions are, therefore three:—First, that the Emperor should remain at the capital, and prosecute the war to the extirpation of the "vile brood of barbarians," with whom his sovereign was at the time negociating a treaty, inaugurating this vigorous policy by disposing of all who rejected this course. Second, that the sovereign should expend from his privy purse some two millions of taels in carrying out his suggestions. Third, that this great and despotic sovereign should make to his people a full and public confession of error. It did not strike this person that he himself might be more in error than any one else. The tax-payers of the United Kingdom might have told him what the exchequer of the country gained by the war. If the government of China and all that belonged to it could have been sold, it would not have liquidated the

expenses of the English portion alone of the expedition; and subsequent events must have shewn the self-appointed adviser whether he or those who recommended peace were right. He concludes his "memorial," as he terms it, by a statement that may be true:—"His late Imperial Majesty, in his last testament, speaks with shame and contrition of the peace with the English barbarians; may your Majesty take this to heart!"

It is clear that the "Brother of the Sun," whose every footstep shakes the earth, may be presented by his subjects "kneeling," as they say, with unpalatable advice couched in plain terms.

This packet of memorials, captured soon after the ink was dry, suggests some doubts as to the veracity of Chinese dealings. Commissioners were at Tientsin discussing peace while the Emperor was preparing for flight, and his ministers urging a war of extermination. From these documents, also, it was seen that the mandarins dreaded the populace of Peking even more than our arms, and it was said that the first shell that burst in the city would be the signal for a horrible commotion. An under-current of crime and ruffianism in this capital can

alone have caused so much dread, and their history, so often referred to by these rulers, justified their anticipation. I saw innumerable beggars most insolent and importunate, but how far dangerous I am unable to say.

In Abbé Huc's work, an account is given of a curious place for their accommodation, called the "House of Hens' Feathers." I inquired if this house were known, but I could gain no information.

## CHAPTER IX.

A Merry Party—The Chinese Wall—Idea of a Chinese City—A Visit to the Observatory—Astronomical Instruments—Extensive View—Competitive Examinations—Opinions respecting Peking—My Impressions—Route from St. Petersburg—Prospect of Departure.

On the evening of the 10th we sat down to dinner a large and merry party. The gentlemen were always numerous at that table, but on this occasion there were three ladies, the only three, I believe, from Europe who had ever entered the city of Peking. The conversation was maintained in French, German, and English, as the party was formed of members of the Russian Embassy, as well as of those of the Allies. It was difficult to realize, amid the home comforts around, that we were in the centre of Marco Polo's city of Cambalu, the capital of Cathay.

As yet I had seen nothing of the Chinese quarter, though my husband had made several incursions into it. The morning of the eleventh was therefore devoted to it.

We went through the central gate, and rode between the Tartar wall and the Chinese houses for the two miles which make half its length. When we reached the Chinese continuation of this face on the west side, we turned to our right, through its gate, and then to the left, by the dry ditch outside the Chinese wall. The smooth grassy slope enabled us to move at a good pace along the north side, and by the west face, turning again at its end by the south face, until we came to its central gate, opposite that we had entered. The distance was exactly half round the Chinese city, from the centre gate of the Tartar south face to that of the Chinese south face. Calculating it in miles, half the Tartar south face is two miles, the Chinese extension half a mile, the west face two miles, and half the south face two miles and a half, making a total, at a rough guess, of seven miles.

The Chinese wall was miserably small to the eye accustomed to the Tartar one, and the bricks were so decayed, in large spaces, that

an active school-boy could have easily clambered to the top. Much of it had been repaired, and even rebuilt, within recent years, and I judged from this the great burden these miserable defences must be to the citizens.

Here and there a little water lay in the ditch. Square bastions were erected at long intervals, similar to those of the Tartar line. The whole left a poor impression on my mind, and I concluded that an enterprising enemy could be little checked in his advance by such an obstacle. The country was the same as that I had already seen, with scarcely any sign of life, and conveying no idea that we were in the neighbourhood of so vast a population. When moving along the Tartar face, a place was pointed out where a canal was carried under the walls, a fine highway for an army into the Tartar city, less difficult, indeed, than the paved roads.

My idea of a Chinese city was a region of densely crowded houses, and remembering the fabulous figures generally given in estimating the population of Peking, I had thought that here, at least, people would be closely packed. I was amazed, then, to find our party almost alone in a wilderness.

The two miles of straight street, ended by the giant Tartar gate, by which we had first entered the Chinese city when we commenced our ride, was the first object. To the right and left, on either side, there was a wide space, bounded by a brick wall, with the green of forest trees above, and the tiles of houses between. The buildings on the right form the Temple of Heaven, with a round enclosure—round, to convey the idea of Eternity, without beginning or end. Those on the left are the Temple of Agriculture, square, to denote the shape of the earth, as taught by Chinese geographers. Once a year a grand procession moves from the Palace through the great gate before us, over a marble bridge spanning the ditch, its central passage being sacred to the Emperor, down this street to the Temple of Heaven, where, after praying for a prosperous harvest, the Emperor, with much ceremony, turns the first sod in the Temple of Agriculture.

Not only was the wide space between these temples unoccupied, but the land in front was also in a state of nature, and presented a most dreary aspect. Far away over the miserable flat I saw a thick line of houses, with the great Tartar wall

frowning over the pigmy group, the population of the Chinese quarter being massed near the Tartar city. I am satisfied that a correct census of Peking would give a number far below what it is generally supposed to contain, indeed, below some of the other cities of China.

The rebellion, desolating the fairest provinces for many years, has told much on the wealth of Peking. The mandarins, as a body, I was informed, were very poor, the treasury, if not altogether, was almost bankrupt, and I saw several houses in my rides barricaded to fence off an eager multitude, establishments in some measure answering to our banks, where the treasury notes were payable. To judge by the pushing crowds, there was a run on these banks, which continued during the period of my stay in the capital. Many of the curiosities and objects of Chinese *virtu* came from the houses of the mandarins, who were thus driven, for a few hundred dollars, to part with the heirlooms of their families.

I was amused to see English crockery for sale at some of the stalls. Colonel M. took up a willow pattern plate, and asked the dealer what the price was, and if it were a Tae-ming. The China-

man demanded one dollar, and I imagine he would not have sold this paltry plate under two shillings, though they are not used by these people at meals, bowls being better adapted both for chop-sticks and for their food. He laughed at its being called a Tae-ming, and repudiated the manufacture.

Manchester cottons were sold in the streets, and I believe they will soon penetrate everywhere over the kingdom. The inhabitants appeared healthy, and were well dressed, in stature a very fine people. There were numbers of strong hale Tartar women, some not only painted, but positively enamelled, although their natural colour was a dark gipsy-like hue, with a ruddy tinge circulating in the cheeks of healthy girls. The contrast between them and the deformed Chinese women, tottering along on their withered feet and legs, was very striking.

Before we left Peking, on the morning of the 12th, we procured an order of admission to the Observatory on the east wall. The way was through the house of the keeper, up a winding flight of stone steps, to a platform higher than the wall. The astronomical instruments were numerous, finished with a nicety impossible to surpass,

and mounted on Chinese designs of great beauty and exquisite workmanship. I saw no glasses for observing the heavenly bodies, which surprised me, as the neighbouring nation of Japan is famed for their construction. The heavens were depicted on a magnificent bronze globe by raised stars of solid brass, displaying more knowledge than the Chinese are supposed to have possessed. Indeed, these instruments were planned and constructed under the direction of the Jesuit missionaries, though no small credit is due to mechanics who could finish so inimitably such difficult and delicate work. There was an artful combination of lightness with strength in the bronze work, the sextants being supported on the shoulders of fantastic dragons.

From this elevation I had an extensive view of the capital and of the country beyond the east face. At first both sides looked equally like country, the metropolis showing scarcely a sign of its dense population, the variegated green of numerous trees concealing the lines of roofs, except near to our feet, where we peered into hundreds of small court-yards, with women seated at work or moving busily to and fro. Here and there some strange building stood conspicuously out, and among them

the yellow tiles of the great Emperor's palace. Near it, though far from me, Prospect Hill raised high its solitary pagoda, the most prominent object in Peking, a monument of sorrow and shame to the Chinese, if capable of such feelings. As at Canton, no spires or domes, minarets or turrets, reared their heads above the general mass. A building was pointed out as the Drum Tower, whence proceed the warning sounds of fire or other general alarm. I could obtain no other clue to the whereabouts of the renowned Peking bell, said to be 40 feet across, and 120,000 lbs. in weight.

Many workmen were engaged among rows of small buildings inclosed by a high wall near the Observatory. This was the Han-lin College, where a great examination was about to take place. The system of competitive examinations has long been in force for furnishing the country with public servants, and if mere paper-work were sufficient to rule a nation, I have no doubt China would be tolerably well governed. In the north, as in the south, the schoolmaster has been abroad, and though the higher classes fritter away their time in studying absurd theories of morality, the poorer

classes can almost universally read and write with facility.

The innumerable bills on the walls, the posts, and the sign-boards giving details of the merchandise in the shops, are proofs that the people can read. The rapidity with which they count may be seen in any bank, where numerical tables are used, and the most intricate sum is worked out with surprising quickness. The beads seem to fly from side to side, and, in half the time taken by an English clerk with pencil and paper, the result is accurately given.

I frequently saw long narrow strips of red paper pasted on corners, similar to the announcements that, in England or America, we see headed with the words, "Great Sensation" or "Selling off."

On the other side the country had the same wooded aspect as in the city, except close below, where in long ranges of buildings was stored the grain of extensive granaries. I believe the canal by which the grain is carried passes close by, though I did not see it. It is strange that in a fortified city a large portion of the houses should be accumulated without the walls.

I was impressed with the beauty of the whole

panorama, and still more with the magnitude of the wall, down the broad level of which I looked, as it stretched away on each side till lost in the distance, though nearly twenty yards broad. I could only regret that this enormous labour had not been directed to a more useful purpose, and to a more ornamental result. Then I passed through the gate I had entered, and left, I felt for ever, this wonderful city.

I had met many returning from the campaign filled with disappointment. Great expectations and exaggerated ideas suffer from a sudden and sharp collapse. From them I had gathered that Peking, and its reported marvels, were an imposition; that it was inferior to Canton in interest, in population, in houses, streets, and business; while those who had seen Yeddo contrasted the Celestial City with that still stranger metropolis in strong terms of disparagement. When in Peking I read an account in which it was compared with London; and the glories of Regent Street were said to give a very faint conception of the traffic and the magnificence of some portions of the capital of China.

Such travellers' tales led to the revulsion of feeling experienced by the army on entering a region

wrapped in ages of mystery, the only gleams of light shed on which coloured so falsely the darkness in which it was hidden. Having, then, my expectations damped, I was in a fairer position to judge than those who had looked for marvels. To me Peking was not only unlike other cities of the world, but unlike any other in China. Without trade, without manufactures, without a port, or even a great highway, at the extremity of the empire, and in its most rigorous region, it bears the arbitrary stamp of its creation. Its appearance shows that it is upheld by a drain on the people, that it is an encumbrance, an excrescence, not the heart of a mighty kingdom, circulating the life-blood and nourishing the extremities. In its broad, straight, unpaved streets it more resembles a new city on an American prairie than an ancient seat of Government. Its mean houses may be compared to those of the hastily erected towns in Australia and California during the gold fever. Its strings of camels, crowded bazaars, and works of marble are not unlike those of a capital of India. Its excellent shops, fruit stalls, restaurants, and other conveniences, are commonly found only in Europe; while its gigantic walls, gilded

houses, quaint sign-boards, and Imperial character are all its own. In public grounds and works of ornament it is painfully deficient, all that is best worth seeing being sealed to the public, as the property of the Emperor. Again I say, Peking is what the word denotes, the "Court of the North." It is not a national capital, but the seat of the governing body of the empire.

In one of our excursions we met a courier with despatches from St. Petersburg. The news he brought anticipated the arrival of our Overland Mail by more than a week. After posting through the wild regions between the Russian dominions and China, he was surprised to see a cavalcade of ladies and gentlemen riding through the streets of Peking.

The wife of the Russian minister took the same route from Russia, and arrived at this capital without seeing the sea. There are regular posts along the road through the Russian territory, and no difficulty is experienced so long as the traveller is favoured by the Russian Government. The great obstacle is the desert to the north of Peking—without water, savage and desolate, exposed to the predatory tribes that dwell on its borders.

The road outside the gate was lined with houses, the only suburbs I saw beyond the walls. There was a handsome carved marble entrance, leading to a temple erected in honour of widows who had had one husband only. The monument of a sea-horse, with a large marble tablet on its back, was explained by this tradition. The Emperor Pa-li was walking on the banks of a river, pondering on the best manner of governing his subjects, when a sea-horse came to the surface with a tablet of laws fixed to its back, remaining long enough for the Emperor to copy them, and then disappeared.

Whatever may be the origin of these monuments —and this is not an improbable *ruse* for a crafty sovereign to resort to—they are common in this part of the Empire, the mandarin graves having the tablet fixed on the back of a tortoise instead of the sea-horse.

A few Tartar cavalry were pointed out leading their mules along the bad road—more martial in their bearing than the infantry I had seen about the barracks. On many of the shops was a diamond-shaped piece of brown paper, denoting that opium was sold within. Hideous josses indicated the official residences.

The queer customs of the people attracted our observation—queer to us, though every-day sights to them. A man was seen solemnly driving a miserable horse in its last stage, with an old slipper tied to its tail, and trailing along the street. No person stopped to look. What connection can this old slipper have with our custom of throwing one after a bride when she leaves her home? Perhaps the Chinaman might look at us when thus engaged, with as much surprise as we felt when looking at him.

The boats were waiting; everything exactly as left by us, not a lump of sugar, not an ounce of rice touched, though all at their mercy. At Hoosia-woo we met a party of officers hurrying to Peking, to see the capital ere they left China for ever. From them we learned that half the garrison of Tientsin were to embark at once in transports already at the mouth of the Peiho, and the battalion of the rifles were the first under orders to leave. This was welcome intelligence, as I had seen all I well could of the northern country; after which a residence in Tientsin cannot be agreeable to any one from Christendom. When the freshness and novelty had worn away, Tientsin came out in its true colours; the most miserable and the

most dirty of towns, in the ugliest and most uninteresting of countries, with the fiercest tropical heat in summer, and a winter of the frigid zone, among a people of whom I was growing weary, whose state of disease and squalor was such that I shrank from them with horror. One line of Tennyson's sums up my feelings on leaving China:

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

## CHAPTER X.

Ideas of Japan—Homeward Bound—An Iron Ship in a Storm—Her Danger—An Appalling Sight—A Foundered Ship—Effects of Circular Gales—Overland Mail—Our Boxes—Arrival at Singapore—Memorial Monument at Tientsin—Port Louis—Simon's Bay—Lotteries at Sea—Visit to the Admiral at Cape Town—Ascension—Turtle Ponds—Cape de Verde Islands—Arrival in England.

I HAD never ceased to entertain hopes of obtaining a glimpse of Japan. The glowing accounts of this fairy land were sufficient to arouse interest and curiosity in the most apathetic. Some were at a loss for words to picture the beauty and sublimity of its scenery, novel and strange beyond even the dreams of a poet, with a people full of intelligence, ingenuity, industry, polished in manners and scrupulously clean. Having a civilization all its own,

it is alike strange in cultivation, in art, and in manufacture. I never met anyone who returned disappointed from a visit to these remarkable islands, although all must have seen them after having heard their praises couched in the strongest terms.

When on board H.M.S. *Simoon*, on the 30th September, we were informed that orders had been received not to touch at Nagasaki unless driven by want of coal, for Nagasaki has coal-mines of its own, though the fuel is not good.

As with the *White Star*, when past the Shautung promontory, the spirit of the monsoon gathered behind us in mist and storm. Every element of violence seemed to arise and chase us from the Yellow Sea. The wind was right aft; first in strong gusts with mist and rain, then a continuous howling, without a break in the fog, increasing into a furious gale, till the vast and heavy iron ship was hoisted on the top of the waves, and hurled along like a thing of straw. Again we experienced the same dreadful anxiety—again felt our way along by the deep sea lead, to hit off the narrow strait.

It was evening, the steam was up, and the screw down; the captain would run no longer, and the ship was to be brought to. When I saw that man-of-

war, the strongest iron vessel ever built—not of the class of the *Warrior*—manned by a full crew of the finest seamen in the world, placidly riding on the Gulf of Pecheli, I thought nothing could much disturb the smooth way of the powerful monster. I was to learn what a plaything she was in the hands of the storm. A throbbing motion told that the giant engines were at work. As the ship came round, a billow catching her stern, bore her away aslant on her side. The next came on her broadside, and she was lifted up like a feather, my own impression being that she was hurled upside down. I thought everything had fallen in wreck and ruin in one loud crash. Then the ship rolled up to windward, and the gigantic wave that followed curled its green head as if about to fall with all its force on the deck, swinging round till it looked like a wall raised against the sea. I stood in the captain's cabin, and saw this sight, which I fully believed to be the last I should ever see on earth. I was unable to comprehend how her masts and rigging could withstand the repeated shocks she experienced.

When the tremulous motion had ceased, dense volumes of steam arose from the engine-room, as if a fire

had broken out, the rush of the water below conveying the idea that the room was filled and the vessel sinking. The fires had burst from their grates, and the live coals were afloat in the deluge from the boiler, which had poured into the condenser, bursting it and streaming out in liquid and in vapour, driving the engineers and stokers from their work, some of them severely injured.

The only sail set flew into ribbons, cracking with a sound like that of artillery, aud tying itself into knots no human being could unravel. A seaman was thrown from the forecastle into the sea, but we were making no way and he was saved. The ship would neither come to nor pay off, and for some moments the danger must have been great, for no masts, however strongly stayed, could long sustain such a strain. Gradually she began to pay off, and the heavy ship dashed along on her dangerous course.

Our cabin was on the gun-deck, with ports in the stern. The rush of the sea, breaking on the ship with a thrilling sound, forced its salt spray through every crevice in the dead lights. No baling could keep the place dry, the accumulation overflowing into the passages as it

rolled about, floating the trunks, and hurling the boots and shoes hither and thither, while the motion of the vessel made various little nick-nacks fall around us in wild confusion.

Hours went by in this discomfort and dread. No underground cell could be more dark. I scarcely knew that it was midnight, when the woodwork over my head burst in, and with a roll like that which had so appalled me during the day, the vessel was hurled on her side with a tremendous crash. The bolt of the tiller had given way, and the ponderous ship had broached to.

My husband left the cabin to ascertain the cause of the disaster. When he got on deck the damage had been already repaired, and the transport was again scudding before the gale; but the sight he beheld at that moment remained long strongly impressed on his memory.

The mist lay white over the surface of the sea, blending in a phosphoric blaze with the water. The view was very limited, as the fog shut out every object beyond a few hundred yards. Still the whole was gleaming with light, though not a star or a ray of the moon penetrated the thick obscurity. The waves fell in sheets of foam, inter-

mingling with the fields of white left by their predecessors, till the whole ocean glowed with a cold silvery glitter, and the spectator was impressed with the horrid conviction that the ship was rushing into a line of seething breakers.

Years of life at sea had given my husband an enlarged experience, yet he had never before witnessed a sight so appalling. The wind, which had not shifted a point, blew straight through the channel, and the waves ran on in long lines, rising at intervals to pinnacles, and then falling, as if precipitating themselves on a shore. One of these breakers, coming swiftly up, would catch the stern, and the man-of-war would be carried with it in its headlong descent, at an incline, threatening to bear it straight to the bottom. Then the foaming sea would rush on, leaving the head of the vessel raised to heaven, and her huge body sinking into the trough, till the next monstrous wave, taking up the sport, would toss the ship along as if she were a mere boat.

Amidst the glittering light of the milky water, the black mass was thus fitfully hurled on to the music of the mighty ocean. When the straining ship sank in the trough between two immense billows, there

was not a movement on deck, eleven hundred men awaiting the result calmly and steadily, although they knew every moment might be their last. It is in such scenes that the value of discipline is shown.

When the *Simoom* broached to, there were few who did not consider that a great catastrophe had occurred, or was impending, yet there was no confusion. All was still as before. The storm abated the next day, and the glass began to rise, when suddenly it fell several tenths, indicating the neighbourhood of a typhoon. We were approaching the end of the strait, the open waters where a circular storm had room to revolve, and it was believed on board that though this gale had blown straight through, yet it was a circular storm, confined between the high lands that bounded the channel. As the ship could carry sail they succeeded in bringing her to, and we left our dangerous neighbour to travel on its desolating course before we again stood in and sighted the shores of China.

Some time after, while the officers were at dinner, one of them, facing a great port, suddenly pointed his finger out to sea, and exclaimed, "What are those flags?" We all looked out eagerly. It was the crew

of a foundered ship. When we received them on board, I found that the wife of the captain and a little child were among them. I gave them a berth in my cabin, my husband having a hammock slung in that of the commander. After the shock of such a disaster, and the excitement of such a deliverance, the captain's wife calmly told her story and quietly went to sleep. The typhoon had passed far from their vessel, whirling the sea into pyramids. One having struck the ship and started a butt, as the end of a plank is termed, she rapidly sank. They had barely time to embark in the boats with their revolvers, nautical instruments, and provisions, when she went down, leaving them on this dangerous sea, infested with pirates even more dangerous. The *Simoom* had passed them before they were observed, and they had seen another ship go by without noticing them, with what feelings may well be imagined.

For many days after our arrival in Hong-Kong vessels came in, shattered in these storms. Two circular gales had whirled down the coast, striking on Formosa, and spinning through the Bashee Channel. Those only can tell what these gales are whose misfortune it has been to be caught within

their circle. The centre of one was described by a ship-master as a perfect hurricane. Six rice-loaded vessels bound to London had disappeared in it. A more awful sight he had never witnessed during a long life spent at sea.

Worn out with watching he had gone to sleep, when an officer called him, as the sky presented an appalling appearance. When he came on deck, a portion of the horizon, blue with the glare of lightning flashing in one continued blaze, seemed rushing down on the vessel, and went screaming, shrieking, and hissing along, passing at about a distance of sixteen miles. The ship was lying on her beam-ends, all the canvas, however carefully furled and rolled up, having been torn from the yards, and after the gale the captain found it in patches on the deck, beaten into a pulp. There was no rain, yet water streamed down the sides of the ship, and fell on board in showers, immense quantities being caught up and whirled around in blinding spray.

The vessel righted, without boats, bulwarks, or sails. Half her spars were gone, and when the wheel was moved to steer there was no response from the ship. The rudder had disappeared, but where, no seaman on board could tell. Had the

vessel been deep, like the others, instead of light, she would have had no chance of escape.

The *Simoom* remained a fortnight at Hong-Kong, to repair damages, and I took with me to Government House my saturated trunks to be dried. When our ship was ready for sea, it happened that the Overland Mail left for England. The portmanteaus were sent to the *Simoom* in charge of one of the Governor's servants, with a paper addressed to the man-of-war, stating to whom the baggage belonged, and asking that it might be taken on board. Guns were fired and squibs exploded in profusion, as the mail steamed off with a leading citizen of Hong-Kong among the passengers. Shortly afterwards we embarked.

"Where are our boxes?" I asked, on entering the cabin.

"Your boxes, ma'am!" replied our servant, "no boxes came here for you."

A horrid thought flashed on my mind! Had the Chinaman taken them to the Mail steamer?

My husband, who was suffering from a severe and feverish cold, which had prevented him from seeing them put on board himself, was roused into action by this idea, and I waited anxiously till the

problem was solved, Alas! it was too true! Our clothes for the long voyage were on the road home before us in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Pottinger*.

An occurrence is seldom so desperate as to deprive us of all hope or consolation, and a ray of light began to shine through the gloom of our minds when I recalled the fact that some officers of the Rifles being on board, the mistake might be discovered, and the packages left for us at Singapore. People who expressed the greatest concern laughed outright when I told them of my misfortune.

I had little heart for the sights and novelties of Singapore on our arrival at that free port. The banks of the channels leading to the harbour are low, and covered with the greenest foliage to the water's edge. Islands are dotted about, like little gems of bright verdure, rocks rise in coral reefs from the pure blue water, and the beach shelves in sands of sparkling white. The channels appear numerous, and wind along like rivers of great breadth. A town so situated must have great charms of scenery, a beauty of no ordinary description, independent of its streets and houses.

Heavy showers had fallen for some days, and there was a reeking dampness in the atmosphere, and a rankness in the tropical vegetation, that gave an unpleasant feeling of lurking sickness.

I drove in one of the Indian shigrams to the new harbour, where the docks and offices of the Peninsular and Oriental Company are situated. We passed some nice-looking houses standing in compounds, as in India, and prettily placed on the crests or the slopes of gentle hills. The way led through a marsh, and, to judge from appearances, I should say that Singapore is, beyond all comparison, more unhealthy than Hong-Kong, though I believe the reverse to be the fact. The streets are wide, the buildings low, with that air of decay that a damp tropical climate always imparts.

The Chinese seem to have usurped the trade of the place, though I cannot tell how far they were implicated in the deceptions practised on the "red-haired barbarians" of the *Simoom*. When we got to sea we found the tails of our birds of Paradise drop off, the top-knots of the parrots come under their necks, and birds of gaudy plumage, once wetted with rain, changed to plain creatures in

white. Again I tasted the mangusteen, and I now boldly record my opinion that this much-vaunted fruit is inferior even to a banana, and not to be compared with the mango.

Our conjecture with regard to the packages proved correct. On arrival at Singapore, we received all save one, but that was my largest and most valued trunk which went home by itself, and returned to me in England months afterwards. We were indebted to our friend on board for the discovery of the mistake, and the means taken to rectify it.

Previous to our departure a monument had been erected at Tientsin, in memory of no fewer than ninety-four men of the battalion; and as seven more died on the passage to Hong-Kong, one hundred and one deaths were the result of its residence in the climate of China for little more than a year, without calculating those who expired on the passage home, and those who had been invalided. This will give an idea of the effects of the climate on a regiment of English soldiers, notwithstanding the most lavish expenditure and the greatest care ever bestowed on an army by a nation.

On the 13th of December we anchored at Port

Louis. The town lay in our front, backed by its singular and picturesque mountains with that quaintest of peaks called Peter Botte, rising from their midst. The fields of sugar-cane shelved from the high land, as we steamed along the east side of the Mauritius, mile after mile of waving green, with the factories standing close to the sea-board. From my infancy my parents had sung the praises of La Belle Maurice, where some of their happiest years had been passed, till the isle had become associated in my mind with all that was charming. It is in vain for a visitor to hope to realize feelings which years of pleasant associations can alone attach to any spot.

We hired a hackney-coach to drive a few miles into the country, for which we paid the sum of thirty-five shillings; and though I saw little more than this drive shewed me, it sufficed to banish from my mind much of the romance with which the island was connected. We first went to the Champs de Mars, and then to Mocha, stopping on the way to lunch with the General, and returning by the Grand Port road to the town. The land was paved with great stones, between which the holes for the ratoons were formed. Every field

of growing cane covered a bed strewn with boulders, a manner of cultivation I believe to be peculiar to the Mauritius.

Compared with the vigorous growth of Hong-Kong, Port Louis is a miserable decaying French town, without one good street, or one public building of interest. Although accustomed to a heterogeneous assemblage in the streets, I was astonished by the motley population of this island, all alone in the Southern Ocean. There were Hindoos and Mussulmans from the three Presidences, Chinese, Negroes, Malays, Parsees, French, English, and Creoles, all established on the soil—for its extent, as densely peopled a piece of country as any in the world.

The mission of congratulation to King Radama II., on ascending the throne of Madagascar, had lately returned and published an account of its reception. This interesting pamphlet led the inhabitants to look hopefully for the establishment of kindly relations, and an increase of trade with the territory of His Majesty, whence a large portion of their food is imported.

Christmas-day of 1861 was spent at sea. The Christmas before I passed among the Miatan

Islands, the ship festooned with ice, and I was destined to observe the next commemoration, a fine summer's day, in the same longitude as this, though far to the south, running before a strong westerly breeze *en route* for New Zealand.

At four o'clock on the 2nd of January the ship steamed into Simon's Bay. The officers amused themselves by getting up lotteries, the winner holding the ticket on which was written the date of arrival. These lotteries were arranged on the Indian principle. For instance, there are fifty tickets. Seven of these, each numbering a day of the week, are prizes, the rest are blanks. The whole are shaken together in a bag. On number one being called, the name of the person who has taken it is read out, a hand is put into the bag, and a blank or a prize drawn out. When prizes are drawn the owner's name is written on the back, and the whole are then put up to auction, the owner competing with the others for the purchase. The interest of the drawer in the prize is that he receives one moiety of the sum for which it is sold, the rest going to the lottery. My husband drew the winning ticket, and had purchased it himself.

The weather was brilliant, and every bay had its beach of snowy white sand, of which there appeared to be an inexhaustible quantity, sparkling in the sun. The atmosphere was clear and pure, light and exhilarating, giving a charm to the barren arid country.

We paid a visit to the Admiral before starting for Cape Town. The road was along the shelving sand of the beach, up to the axles in the foam of the breakers, that fell in long lines a few yards off. I grasped the back of the coach involuntarily, where the incline was so great that I dreaded to be upset. The green curling seas rushed in as if about to fall on the conveyance slanting towards them, and swept round the legs of our horses above their knees. There was scarcely the trace of a road till we reached a row of houses frequented by families seeking change of air and sea-bathing.

The way was at the foot of the mountain, which rose steeply from the water, rocky and barren. Yet its barrenness was fertility itself compared with the valleys of its gorges, which were pure drifts of sand. Fishermen's boats were drawn up on the beach close to their huts, and men and women

were spreading out what looked like cod cut open to dry.

From the head of Simon's Bay a large plain spreads out, bounded by hills in the far distance, and on our side by the ranges of Table Mountain. We came out on this plain, skirting the range on whose slopes was all the cultivation I saw, the flat land being a miserable desert, with here and there a salt-water marsh. It was clear Table Mountain had once been an island, the inlets of Table and Simon's Bays being connected, thus forming a channel between it and the mainland.

I had heard much of the beauty of this road, but we had gone more than ten miles over it, and changed horses, before it began to escape from the scrubby plain. Then the scene altered rapidly. Gradually arose trees that formed a magnificent avenue, the stems lining the road like files of soldiers, and throwing their branches forward till they intermingled their leaves. The glare of the dusty path changed to a grateful shade, and the bare mountain and desert plain gave place to a view along a cool archway of foliage that was lost in the distance. Sometimes, through the thick foliage, the eye rested on fields of vines heavy with grapes,

and on houses half-hidden in creepers, flowers, and shrubs, which added to the charm of this drive.

Now we passed a terrace dusty from its nearness to the highway, then an inn, offering the usual temptations to thirsty travellers. Places I had often heard of, that were celebrated throughout the world, were pointed out. Up the shelving range were the vineyards of Constantia. Here was Claremont, there Rondesbosch. The heads of the negresses were bound in kerchiefs of brilliant red and yellow, and every one, black or white, nodded as we went by, wishing us "good morning."

The road began to lose its rural charm. Coaches became frequent, crowded like London omnibusses, then private carriages and dog-carts. The gigantic hedging was gone, and we looked down on Table Bay and the city, with its peculiar mountain rising abruptly behind it, and the arid flat on our right, giving an extensive view. A railway train came puffing over this prairie, and another train as long moved slowly on a road, one of the immense drays of the Cape with its team of twenty oxen.

The bay was dotted with vessels, and, by a strange coincidence, a large steamer from Calcutta, called the *Indiana*, was amongst them. The wives

and children of the battalion in the *Simoom* were in the *Indiana*—in such close proximity, without the power even of saluting each other, after a separation of upwards of a year and a half, and of thousands of miles. We left Simon's Bay on the 9th January, and, on the 19th, arrived at St. Helena, where, as usual, there were stirring rumours afloat.

When last I touched at this island, it was asserted that war had been declared between France and Austria, and that England must become involved. This time it was with America we were embroiled—the *Trent* affair giving so strong a colour to the probability that the men of both services became eager to reach England.

Landing at St. Helena is bad enough, yet it was mere play compared with landing at Ascension, where we anchored on the 24th. The island, being something new, was of sufficient interest to induce me to brave this difficulty and get on shore. The officer commanding the garrison and the adjutant were our escort; and I have a very distinct recollection of the terror, in the midst of which, by some process unknown to myself, I was thrown from the top of a rolling breaker to a flight of

steps cut in a rock, the sea falling close by in thunder and in jets of foam. The steps led to a jetty, and by a range of coal and naval stores of hewn stone erected by the Marines. The barracks were situated on some flat ground, with a neat church, and a school in course of construction.

From the ship I had seen a row of detached wooden buildings looking down on the open anchorage formed by the shelter given by the scoria rock against the trade wind. These cottages were, as I supposed, the dwellings of the officers, each having its neat verandah, with flower-pots, from which twined creepers that fell in festoons over the trellis-work. Unlike St. Helena, rising bluffly from the sea, with table-land on the the heights open to cultivation, Ascension slopes to a pinnacle, without a spot, save that pinnacle, where vegetation sprouts. These slopes were stony barren ridges, inclosing valleys, whose lonely desolation must be seen to be felt and understood. They were absolutely without life or vegetation, except where far up a strange plant forced itself from its lava bed, and threw out a lovely flower, "to waste its sweetness on the desert air."

The tints of the ridges changed and varied to a

surprising degree; the volcanic sides, where the sun's rays fell on them, exhibiting all the colours of the rainbow, the colours running into each other and blending harmoniously together, giving to the barren land an aspect that, if faithfully painted, would seem to come purely from the imagination of the artist. The summit termed the Green Mountain was clad in green, and on it stands the sanatorium for the squadron on the coast of Africa, as well as the residence of the naval officer in command on the island.

The Admiralty had sent out a gardener, whose skilful management and judicious planting had charmed nature into lending her aid, and clouds can now occasionally be seen gathering on this summit and falling in showers, where rain had seldom before been known. We walked through the stables to see some donkeys from Mozambique, high-bred animals, beautifully marked, and mules, ponies, and guinea-fowls, of which many were wild on the island.

I was shown a little garden with a few vegetables and flowers, with a pride that might have been felt by the ardent lover of nature cultivating them in a prison; but as I had not been long enough in

Ascension to appreciate this feeling, I gladly turned from the sickly cabbages to look at the turtle in the ponds.

These ponds consisted of square tanks built among the rocks, close enough to the sea for the breakers to throw a body of water through an entrance too narrow for the turtle to escape. The season had not arrived, so there were few as yet to show their heads and great backs when they rose to breathe. Two, however, were procured by the *Simoom*, and had I not seen them I could not have believed it possible even for the worst cookery so to spoil a delicacy as these unfortunate animals were spoiled when served.

I have seen breakers on many coasts, yet never any so magnificent as rolled in on this desert isle. When the ship was anchored, being, as I have said, to leeward, the water appeared smooth, yet the sea came in, rising into long lines as it neared, taller and thinner till its broad belt grew into a sharp ridge, that reached its head forward in a concave form three or four times the height of a man, ere it fell with a deafening roar, and rushed up the steep beach in a seething creamy white. Before the wave fell its head shut out the horizon,

and the blue water changed against the sky to a pale green.

All the stones and sand beneath were thrown into commotion, and hurled up by the mad rush, or swept back by the returning water. When the wave struck a rock, it threw up a column of spray, the blue and the white shower mingling in the sunlight, and exhibiting a brilliance of colour scarcely to be seen on any other sea-coast in the world. The charm of the island lay in this purity and freshness. The blue ocean, rolling on the volcanic rock, was untainted by soil, mud, or vegetation. A fresh breeze was constantly blowing, and the sky was without a cloud. It had a beauty all its own, strange and new to me, yet one to charm an artist whose greatest delight is colour.

England holds Ascension by links differing altogether from those that bind her to her other possessions. It is a dependency of the navy, not of the country. A frigate is anchored in the roadstead, and the officer whose pennant flies in the frigate governs the island. For the time the island becomes the property of the ship, and no one lands as a resident who is not borne on her books. These residents are therefore Government servants under

the Naval Articles of War; and when an offence is committed, the offender can be taken on board and punished as these Articles direct. On shore each person receives his rations of salt meat, flour, biscuit, rum, and even water. There is one shop, a regular store, where everything can be purchased allowed by the governing officer. Wine and spirits are excepted, which cannot be bought without his written permission.

I was much interested in the account of the island given by the ladies. They liked the place as a quarter, and seemed more to dread a relief than a continued residence. The detachment is of course one from the corps of marines, and the men seemed to be composed of a strange medley of soldier, sailor, shoemaker, tailor, mason, carpenter, and collier. What is the charm of this barren isle by itself in mid-ocean to make people like so solitary a life?

I have travelled over the world, and found Ascension the only spot where soldiers were located that they did not abuse as a quarter, and I left the bright isle with a new idea, half wondering at and half comprehending the feeling.

We steamed straight from Ascension to the Cape

de Verde Islands. The route taken by sailing vessels is more to the west, where the breadth of the wedge-shaped belt of calms between the trade winds is less, the thick end being towards Africa, and the thin towards America. For days there was scarcely a breath on the water, and it was not till we were close to the group that we felt the influence of the north-east trade.

One day I heard a commotion on deck, and saw through the stern ports of my cabin the head of a man floating in the water. Fortunately for him he belonged to a ship of war, and he was left scarcely a hundred yards behind when there was a heavy splash, and almost instantly a dozen powerful rowers hastened in a boat to the spot. We had already lost a corporal of the Rifles, who disappeared in a mysterious manner, being missed within a quarter of an hour, and never afterwards heard of. It was dark, and he was asleep on the forecastle when last seen. A man disappeared in the same way when we were in the *Eastern Monarch*, but there were reasons leading to the conclusion that in this case it was suicide.

On the 3rd of February we were among the islands, in an atmosphere so hazy that at first I

thought it was a fog. The air was very dry, and the haze so white that I saw it could not be mist; yet the sun was obscured, and the loom of an island thousands of feet high, some four miles off, could only be discerned by straining the eyes in its direction. It was the harmattan, a state of atmosphere common in the locality at this season of the year. The deck became covered with a small gritty sand, the myriad particles of which, borne from the deserts of Africa on the chilly wind, accounted for the phenomenon. It begins with December and continues till the end of March. It is stated in Towes' book on Japan that Ehrenberg examined these particles of sand with a microscope, and found that they were composed of infusoria and organisms not belonging to Africa, but to the south-east trade regions of South America.

The island of St. Vincent's is almost as barren as Ascension, without its purity. There we learned that we were hurrying home to no purpose, as far as the American difficulty was concerned, as the affair had been amicably settled. A violent gale from the south-west rendered our intended call at Madeira both unnecessary and impossible, as no

coals were required, while it continued to drive the ship furiously almost to the entrance of the channel, where it left us.

On the 24th of February we sighted the Isle of Wight, and on the next day were moored in the basin of Portsmouth, where the battalion was quartered.

It was not my fate to remain long in England, some business requiring the presence of my husband in New Zealand. He exchanged to a battalion in India, the Horse Guards granting him permission to visit the colony on his way to join the regiment at Calcutta.

I had again to decide whether I should remain at home or accompany him in this tour round the world, for the battalion he had entered was about to return to England. I found other feelings stronger than the wearying nature of these long, long voyages, so I embarked. What I saw in New Zealand forms the subject of these concluding chapters.

## CHAPTER XI.

The Snares at New Zealand—Amaru—Bank's Peninsular Chain of Mountains—Extensive Conflagration—Harbour of Lyttelton—Disappointed Emigrants—New Zealand Hotel—Canterbury Plains—Harbour ol Akaroa—Progress of the Fire—Forest Trees—Valley of German Bay—Maories—Road to Lyttelton—Scenery.

THE sea rolls up long waves from the south-west, though the wind is easterly, and a dull haze rests on the water—five hundred emigrants peering through the mist for a glimpse of what they call their adopted country. It is the islands to the south of New Zealand, singularly enough called the "Snares," they look for. Being the land first made by vessels running to the southern provinces, and a splendid mark even on the way home from Australia, the "Beacons" would be a far more appropriate name.

We were disappointed in making the Snares, and it was not till the second day that Cape Saunders was seen, when the prevailing wind on this part of the coast, from the north-east, set in, straight against our ship going to Canterbury. We neared the heads of Port Chalmers, till vessels entering and leaving could be distinguished, but not the appearance of the land.

The next point made was close to the infant town of Omaru, and many glasses were levelled to spy out the place. The country bore a uniform colour, varied only by the light and shade of passing clouds, coming out more distinctly where near, and mellowed by the atmosphere where far off. The faint yellow brown rose in long bare sweeps of Downs, or ran in level lines when the plains spread broadly out between the hills. No trees broke the monotony of hue and of outline, but dotted here and there were little houses, standing bare and lonely on the naked hill-sides.

The ship partially opened a rugged bluff, where these little houses seemed to have fallen in a shower, indicating the incipient town of Omaru, the most northerly in the province of Otago. Between some rising ground and the beach, there was a

broad flat belt, which entered an extensive plain running back far into the interior. Through that plain flows the strong and rapid current of the Wiataki, the boundary between the two great provinces of the island, those of Canterbury and Otago. The country ascending from the sea rose into piles of mountains, and among them were the gold-fields of the Lindis.

What a weary thing it is to beat up a coast, and perhaps most wearisome to people situated as my fellow-passengers! Two days more passed, and we lay becalmed in a vast bight. The top of a string of mountains, like stepping-stones on the horizon, was Bank's Peninsula. A uniform line on the sea, unnoticed if not pointed out, was the Ninety-mile Beach, with the dense and hazy atmosphere over it that tells of heated air and a sandy soil.

I could hear the faint roar of the waves as they fell, and see the smoke rolling from the fires on the land. Far beyond I looked on a great Alpine chain, that seemed to run in a regular line, like a giant wall, begun and ended by what I was told were mountains, but, to me, were more like glittering white clouds, lying low on the sky. One was

Mount Cook, near the west coast, the other the Kiakoras, near Cook's Straits. As marked on the chart, I could scarcely believe that these mountains, so far from each other, could be seen at the same time, though the former was nearly fourteen thousand, and the latter nearly ten thousand feet above the sea level.

The vast prairie, called the Plains of Canterbury, was between me and that Alpine range.

Two more days have gone, and we now stand close in to Bank's Peninsula. It rises steeply from the water to what, in England, we should think a towering height, shelving up from the ends of the spurs to more than three thousand feet. These ends have been cut away by the waves of the Pacific, so that each bluff terminates in a perpendicular height, beneath which the ocean frets and foams, hollowing it out into caves.

The main portion of the Peninsula is black with a dense forest; but most of these spurs, as they near the sea, have the brown hay colour that marks the grass-land of New Zealand, some of them carrying their bush to the brink of the precipice. A short way back the grass of these ridges changes to wood, not in straggling trees becoming denser, but the

forest crossing them as if a wall had been built up, the one part an impenetrable shade, the other a bald hill-side.

The dark olive tinge of the trees went over the summits of the mass of mountains. Some of the gorges of the ridges formed sheltered bays, and nooks that might be called vales, while to our left we saw the headlands of the magnificent harbour of Akaroa.

The Peninsula now presented an appearance never before seen. Volumes of smoke rolled up the hill-sides, and hung heavily on the mountain tops, while the air came down hot on us, as from a furnace, and our eyes smarted and watered from the smoke of the burnt wood. After sunset the fires came brightly out, raging in the valleys, on the hill-sides, and on the mountain-tops, a novel sight to the new-comers. Where the flame had caught the fern and long grass-tufts, it marched up the slopes in a red line, like a regiment of soldiers, the forest fires being more stationary and diversified. The glow of the bush that had been burnt was like a city illuminated, and the forest in flames was like a city in a blaze. The huge totara, coated with a bark which burns like a torch,

would shoot up a pinnacle of flame—no fitful flash, but a steady glare that lit up the mountain-side.

Then the eye was drawn towards a distant hill, which rose out of the darkness, as if the red light of the rising sun was striking on the side opposite to us. A column of flame then rushed up to the top, turning the peak into a volcano. The ship put about and ran miles away, but still the smoke came thickly on the breeze, and the smell of burnt wood was perceptible fifty miles from the scene.

The morning we entered the harbour of Lyttelton was very bright. The peninsula on the side adjoining the plains loses its woody covering, and assumes the dried grass vegetation, coupled with a rugged and barren aspect, however picturesque to the tourist, far from inviting to the emigrant.

This harbour, its sides rising from the water like walls, with scarce footing for the mountain goat, is one of those deep gorges into which the sea still enters. A rim of hills surrounds it, from which spurs slope into the water near its head. Among these hills are little vales, in the first and most precipitous of which is the town of Lyttelton. It is situated on the right as the vessel enters, about four miles from the heads, and shows all it can boast to the emigrant

from the deck of his vessel at a glance. Its few hundreds of wooden cottages, from the beach up the gorge, rise over each other, with its red stone church, its bridle-path winding up the ridge, and its road to the plains cut along the precipitous harbour side. The most important of its works is not seen, the tunnel destined to connect the shipping with Christchurch, and as some think, very erroneously in my opinion, to annihilate the pretensions of the place even to the name of a town.

Most persons emigrate without forming even a remote conception of the country to which they go. It is only the educated, and those with powers of imagination, that can fully realize a picture from description. The extent to which people drift abroad, mere things of chance and circumstance, as if guided by tides and winds, would hardly be credited by the nation. They have been trained in a highly-civilized society, they awake, after a dreamy existence of some three months, in a new country, with all that is most repulsive in it thrust prominently upon them.

While their air-built castles are demolished at landing, the hosts of annoyances, the expenses,

and untoward accidents, fall together on the head of the unfortunates. The drain on their resources is at once felt. They may probably suffer the destruction of their household goods, without even an idea how they are to be replaced. Hence the bitter disappointment that awaits so many. Instances are common of people returning in the vessel that brought them out, and, I believe, such instances would be still more common if some were not restrained by poverty, and others by shame.

The world is apt to regard those who so act as fools, but they must themselves land in a bran-new country like Canterbury before they can fully understand the feelings that prompted the act. To many reared in an old historical and monarchical land like England, there is something repulsive in the very atmosphere of these lately formed provinces, and this feeling I believe to be strongest in women. Their instinct is against, and always will be against, such a move. Nor is the sentiment confined to the higher classes, it is felt as strongly by many servant girls; for if it is difficult for those in better circumstances to escape contact with much that is coarse and vulgar, it is impossible for them.

Young and energetic men, who dash into the future, seeing in the infant colony scope for a career, quickly reconcile themselves to the change, though it grates on them at first. There is a materialism about these places, a frantic rush after the means of existence, an air tainted with tallow, and hides and dry goods, a want of repose, and little inclination for calm thought and quiet conversation. We see in them the degenerating influence of trade, unredeemed by counteracting tendencies, that influence which has made the Yankee what he is, but which, perhaps, in him may now be purified and ennobled by the fiery heat of war.

On landing from the little steamer the servant-girls became transformed into ladies, and the ploughmen into gentlemen. When our baggage was put on the wharf we felt how really poor a thing is man, the individual and unaided man. Had it been Alexander the Great he would have been in the same predicament, sitting and philosophizing on a trunk too heavy for him to carry. Though the wharf was covered with loungers, there was no assistance to be got, while numbers leant against a public-house, the first, as in all colonies, to open its arms to a new comer,

and others, with their hands in their pockets, sat smoking on the kerb of the pavement.

We were considered fortunate in getting accommodation at an hotel. A raw Irish girl entered the sitting-room we had secured, to ask if we wanted anything.

"Can we get fish for dinner?"

"No, you can't get fish."

"What soup can you give us?"

"The dinner hour is past, and you cannot now get any soup."

"Have you any veal?"

"Veal, ma'am!"—ma'am for the first time—exclaimed the girl, amazed. "Is it veal you mean? There is not such a thing in the town."

"Then, as you have neither fish, soup, nor veal, what can I have?"

"What would you like?" returned the imperturbable waiting-woman, as if she possessed the wand she had only to wave to satisfy a whim. She had beef-steaks and mutton-chops, and, though I never succeeded in getting anything else during my residence in Lyttelton, I was daily asked by the smiling damsel what I would like, yet even

eggs and milk were not always to be procured.

The characteristic features of the country by many of the girls passed unnoticed, while their eyes were fixed in despair on the wooden boxes termed houses; and often when I asked one of my fellow-passengers how she liked the country, she would exclaim,

"These little wooden houses are so funny, I can't get used to them!"

The partitions between the rooms of our hotel being of thin boards covered with calico, on which paper was plastered, every move in the next room was heard. There were two chairs in the apartment allotted to us, and when a third was asked for, a cripple with three legs was brought in, and well-nigh caused the death of a friend for whom it was sent. Steel forks, and a battered lamp, for the new parafin-oil, which I found to be in universal use, and tumblers that looked as if made by the yard and cut into the dozen, stained, too, a muddy hue from the dregs of beer, though in keeping, surely ill-became one of the two best hotels of the port town of a great and rising province like Canterbury.

When the colony was first founded Lyttelton

was the chief town, and as men accept what is, without speculating on what is to be, it became the capital, though the real capital, Christchurch, only wanted a road and the means of carriage to draw, like a magnet, the citizens, who have nearly all taken to the wing and flown over the hill, leaving the port town desolate.

When the sounds in the bar ceased the place sank into silence, and at intervals through the night I heard the truck from the tunnel shooting its load into the sea. The work which is to place this harbour in communication with the plains, and probably to make the prairie of Canterbury the best field open for emigration on earth, goes on unseen.

My husband walked to the top of the hills, before breakfast, to look at the plains. He had seen them three or four months after the landing of the first colonists, and again at an interval of as many years. Nearly twelve years had now elapsed since his first view.

When the heat had abated in the evening I walked with him up the Bridle Path to the top. On reaching the crest we turned to our left, over some rough sheep-tracks, and gained a projection

that intercepted the view. Then the country came out in all its magnitude, presenting a landscape of striking grandeur. The plains of India skirted by the Himalayah, those of Lombardy by the Alps, and the slopes of Peru by the Andes, could alone be compared with it. Not that this is equally extensive as these, but the eye can take in no more than is here presented, and no where else could one see over a greater space. The plain curved with the sea, and to the south made its own horizon, the peaks of the mountains falling behind it, till the concave surface of the world withdrew them from the sight, looking like islands beyond the horizon of the land.

The immense track of country between these mountains and the sea had the dried hay look of the grass land, broken in two or three places by clumps of forest, and here and there by the gleam of intensely blue water. After ranging over the far boundaries, the eye became gradually fixed on the central spot, where objects accumulated and became grouped, clustering into the city of Christchurch. Around it the land was changed in hue, and variegated—here green with a sward of English grass, there dark from the soil newly

turned, then yellow with the stubble of the reaped crop. The fields were hedged off by gorse into triangles, oblongs, and squares, marked by the broad lines of the straight highways, and the narrower ones accommodation roads.

The monotony of these straight lines was somewhat broken by two meandering streams that wound in endless curves through the country, and entered a lagoon that seemed to invade the plain at the foot of the peninsula. The highways could be traced into the city by straggling cottages, more closely connected as they neared the centre; and everywhere farm-houses were dotted about, with their out-buildings and stacks of grain.

What surprised my husband most was to see the number of young trees that partially hid the city, and to perceive plantations over the cultivated portion of the plains.

"Where the railway emerges," said my companion, pointing to the foot of the crest, down which I could trace the Bridle Path, "and crosses the broad drain, curving towards the Heathcote, when I first stood here, was a swamp in which a cow might have been easily drowned. You can trace the Ferry Road into the town, and where the fields are so

green as you enter the raupa waved its yellow head over a bed of water. The only sign beyond that Christchurch shewed, was a fluttering tent rising from the bare fern, or a V hut standing among the grass tussacks. The colour of the whole was uniform like that of a bog, except where you see that dark mass, the remnant of the Riccarton bush, and another of greater magnitude at Papanui, now wholly gone. So uninviting was the picture to some, that I have known one look suffice for a man, who straightway returned to England. Twelve years have passed, and see the change! What will another decade do? The day is approaching when only the shepherd, or the sportsman in search of a stray deer, or a party picnicking. will look from this height, and wonder, when told, it was thus the pilgrims passed to their promised land, and that the hearts of many sank within them when they gazed on the scene below. It will be difficult for the visitor who then comes here for a bird's-eye view of a great seat of civilization, to picture to himself these plains as the pilgrims saw them, so great will be the difference they will present in a vast city and a highly-cultivated country,

teeming with life, and all the beauties and appliances of modern improvements."

Our interest lay on the other side of the peninsula, in the harbour of Akaroa, and accepting the warm invitation of kind friends, I accompanied my husband in his passage round in the *Geelong*. The district is inaccessible to a lady by land, the unformed road leading over the highest and wildest crests of the peninsula. As yet the only steamer on the berth was the *Geelong*, and she had commenced running but a year, and touched but once a fortnight. Much progress could not be looked for in a place so lately opened. However, I was led to expect great natural beauties.

The appointed time for the *Geelong* to start was two o'clock, yet it was half-past four when she left. She steamed slowly, and it was near midnight before we entered the harbour, where we were met by a wind blowing hard from the expanding atmosphere around a forest on fire, so that it was later still when she reached her anchorage.

The appearance of the peninsula from the deck of the emigrant ship was sufficiently startling—from the deck of the *Geelong*, entering Akaroa, it was something awful. Since my first view the

fires had not only continued to rage, but to increase; and now from every side down the great basin they were in full march to the sea. The harbour seemed a mere funnel for the escape of the smoke and the heated air; while around the furnace glowed square miles of forest in flames.

A family accompanied us, fellow-passengers of ours from England, who had taken service with our friends, and I can understand the horror and amazement that must have arisen in their minds on finding themselves at midnight surrounded by such a scene.

After spending the remainder of the night at an hotel, we walked to the house of our friends, where every preparation was in progress to turn or check the flames advancing towards their property, or, if unsuccessful, to carry away their most valuable effects. For the two last nights they had watched the direction taken by the fires with the keenest interest, and now nearly all hope had left them. The flames were absolutely roaring up the glen, and down the fern hills, progressing on both sides towards the town. They were enveloped in the fires.

The inhabitants could be seen in lines beating

out the flames with large boughs of trees, or hurrying in groups to check the inroad of their foe in some new and unexpected quarter. These flames were mere sharp-shooters, thrown out from the main body that besieged the place, with whom it would have been absolute folly to attempt to battle. As if amused at the terror they created, these fires continued to roar for a week in the gullies, detaching a party now and then over some unburnt fern, and rousing the people into activity. Then having devoured all the decaying vegetable substances about, they retired slowly from the locality, leaving strongly impressed on the minds of the settlers a conviction of the necessity for more extensive clearing around their homes.

The harbour of Akaroa is a fine sheet of water, about eleven miles in length, and varying in breadth from one to three or four. Like that of Lyttelton, it is formed by an amphitheatre of hills, though on a far larger and grander scale, land-locked and free from rocks, and all impediments to shipping. From the circular chain ridges shelve to the water, some forming bluff head-lands, that run far into the harbour, with bays between. These become vales, where the water ceases and the land begins,

narrowing by degrees as they go back, and breaking into gorges, each terminating in precipices, with the mountain summits encircling the harbour above them.

A perennial rivulet flows through each gorge, all of which unite in the vale and form a stream, where an English boy would expect to fill his basket with trout. The streams consist of cold, clear, and excellent water, rushing in cataracts down the hill-sides, circling into deep pools, dashing up against high mossy cliffs, and roaring over great stones and boulders.

The forest covers most of these valleys and ridges with a network of vegetation, so dense as to render a passage impossible, except along a worn foot-path. This vegetation was the most vigorous I had ever seen, looking as if the plants that loved the soil had seized on it, and interwoven themselves into a mass for the purpose of resisting all intruders. Fire was apparently the only enemy they had to fear. Huge trunks rose thickly, like pillars supporting the mass. Here was a light coloured stem of immense girth, with a shaggy bark in ribs along it, not very high, yet spreading out a great head of evergreen leaves, and an equally great net-work of roots

along the surface of the ground. This was the totara. Then came one with a hard black-coloured bark, marked with dents, as if beaten with a hammer. The next was tall and straight, without branches, but with a thin tuft at the head. The stem was lost in creepers encircling it, parasites of different varieties, twining into each other, as well as round the tree, and coming out in festoons from its branches, or lacing themselves into the neighbouring boughs.

The variety was immense, and they were at every stage of growth—some hoary and decayed, some in full vigour, others mere sprouts. The dead mostly lay rotting on the ground, half hidden in orchids and mosses and fungus, and overgrown with ferns. Many had been arrested in their fall by their brethren, and were still supported in an inclining position; others stood erect, white and lifeless. Under this shade there was a lesser vegetation, chief among which was a crooked stem with a cream-coloured bark, and few leaves, called the fuschia, and the tree fern, spreading out overhead a fan of delicate tracery; while there were numberless shrubs, whose massive formation and density of leaves shewed that they were old, though small.

Beneath this the ground was alive with undergrowth, the principal place in the lowest layer being taken by ferns of all classes. Throughout the whole the supple-jack twined, borrowing and giving strength to the numberless creepers running from tree to tree in inextricable confusion. A thin cord of one of these would throw back a man who walked against it, while he looked with contempt at the impediment which barred his way. The damp was like that of a vault, and the silence profound, except when broken by the song of birds, the whir-r-r of the pigeon taking to the wing, and the murmur of the brook in the hollow. Tame little robins, but without the redbreast, hopped on the pathway before the visitor, inviting and welcoming him to the novel region, and looking only for a little encouragement to perch on his shoulder. The tuis, with their white bands, to which they owe their name of parson birds, grasp a twig and peer down at the intruders, while the stately pigeon, one of the most beautiful birds I have seen, sits like a monarch on a bough, placidly looking at the gun raised for its destruction.

Such is the forest that gives its dark olive and evergreen colour to the hills of the peninsula; but

it is doomed, and its days are numbered. Already around the harbour it has lost its characteristic features, the axe of the sawyer having felled the trunks, the shade and mainstay of the greenwood, leaving the dried branches and decaying timber to form the train that resulted in the fire raging for the last month, sweeping bare thousands of acres, and covering the ground with ashes many inches deep. The hue of large portions had changed to a russet brown, and the rocks of the underwooded summits were black with smoke.

When I first saw this forest in the valley of German Bay the flames could scarcely be said to be extinguished, for isolated trees still smoked where they stood, and the black ground was here and there like a baker's oven, the fire having followed the roots of the totara along the surface into the earth, and glowing a bright red far down in deep holes, pursuing the tree like its bitterest enemy, till not a vestige of it remained. Now and then the woods rang with the crash of a falling pine, making it dangerous to penetrate them. It was also very disagreeable, for my dress was blackened with the charred supple-jacks rising in numberless little black prongs.

The town stands on the right of the harbour,

about six miles from the entrance, straggling along a beach backed by three gorges, each wooded and sending to the sea its own rivulet. It has one main road, for street it certainly cannot yet be called, almost a mile in length, with three back roads penetrating up the three gorges. It looks across the harbour, at the widest part, on a chain of most rugged mountains, covered partly with scrub, partly with grass, partly with fern. The view up to the head of the bay is intercepted by a grassy bluff that runs far into the water, separating the town from the neighbouring valley of German Bay. Over this, however, can be seen the rim of mountains that encircle the harbour, clad in their evergreen robe.

The soil is of great fertility, and the climate being warmer, more moist, and less exposed to high winds than on the plains, seems to nourish European plants with the same vigour and astonishing growth with which it fosters its own spontaneous vegetation. Such a combination of mountain, wood, and water, with so genial a climate and so fertile a soil, could not but form very lovely scenery, yet there is an air of decay and ruin that mars and blots the beauty of the whole, as if

nature's too bountiful gifts had been met by man, as they often are, with indolence, want of enterprise, and neglect.

Akaroa was founded by the French, and is one of the oldest of the settled districts. Its formation marked an epoch of great peril, as New Zealand then narrowly escaped becoming a convict colony of France. The Nanti-Bordelaise Company, to whom had been entrusted the formation of the settlement, transferred their rights over this portion of the peninsula to the Canterbury Association; but the harbour, though the finest in the island, being inaccessible from the plains, was of little use to the province in any material way. It was therefore neglected till the rapid increase of wealth and population in the city of Christchurch led to the necessity for a watering place, and for change of air to the dusty, hot, and overworked citizens. For this purpose nature seems to have formed Akaroa, its limited view and placid land-locked blue water, coming with a change and freshness, most grateful to the plain-wearied settlers of Canterbury.

The season was too late for gooseberries, raspberries, currants, and strawberries, but the trees were loaded with peaches, plums, and nectarines,

and the apples and pears were rapidly ripening. It was astonishing to see vegetables and plants profusely flowering amidst the wildest neglect, which in England would have required the nicest skill of the gardener. The trees were all standards, and the boughs were weighed down by a quantity of the finest fruit, greater than they could carry, however careless the cultivation of the garden.

There was a period when this harbour was one of importance, indeed, the chief resort of a large whaling fleet; but the whaling days are gone, and the time approaches when these poor hunted fish may safely sleep in the stormy seas of the south. Now the district is supported by the export of timber, of cheese, and of fruit. The cattle were sleek and fat, and the cream and butter of excellent quality. The *harbooka* is as large and as good in flavour as any cod; there was a very superior plaice; cray-fish are common, and oysters numerous on the rocks, but I saw no other fish, nor crabs, nor lobsters.

The small supply is brought to market by the Maories, of whom there are a few located in this harbour. Nearly all the natives in Canterbury live on the bays of the peninsula. They have

a village in each of the principal ports, as well as one on the plains at Kiapoi. A few are settled in the unknown and mysterious country of the west coast. All of them, however, put together, would make up but a few hundreds.

The road to Lyttelton, as yet only partly formed, leads over the ridges and across the valleys on the right, to the head of the harbour, where it slopes up to the lowest part of a saddle on the circular rim. Arriving at the crest, it breaks into two branches—the one to Pigeon Bay, the route for the mail, which is carried twice a week; the other to Purau, opposite the town of Lyttelton. A third branch is contemplated, to lead into the large valley of Little River, whence a tramway, skirting Lake Ellesmere, will enter the plains, connecting the valuable forest district with the town of Christchurch.

The Purau line is about eighteen miles of the wildest path the mind of man can conceive, grand to sublimity in its scenery, and so characteristic of New Zealand, that it well repays the toil and even danger of the ascent, when made on horseback. The way leads along the crest of ranges more than three thousand feet high, here dropping into a hollow, there rising into a peak. Now it comes

out on open grassy land covered with the universal tussacks, and shewing a fertile soil and genial vegetation, except where the heights rise to a cone crowned with frowning rocks. Numerous sheep graze on these spaces, though not of great extent. Emerging from the forest on the clear summits, the province of Canterbury lies mapped out before the traveller, as if he had a gigantic chart at his feet.

His first view is of the pedestal on which he stands, the peninsula, with its harbours, bays, and valleys, branching out into numerous promontories, capes, and points, like a great crab with its claws spread out, and he the pigmy speck upon its back. Although far larger than the Isle of Wight, it is a mere atom in the view around him. The blue waters of Akaroa glance from between the light russet hills that run into the harbour; and, from the back of the rugged range before the town, come long grass slopes, that form Piraki and other bays, ending in the wide gorge of Little River. In this valley is a lake which takes up its breadth between the hills. Then comes a sweep of open land, which becomes timbered, and breaks into two main gorges, the dense forest

coming up the hills to the crest of the range.

A goodly-sized stream can be traced through the open flat into the lake. On the other side of Akaroa the hills rise in confusion, robed in their olive green, till the eye is arrested by the estuary of Pigeon Bay. From the back-bone where the traveller stands, the slopes to the right end in Pigeon Bay and Port Levi, while those to the left form the long valley of Kiatouna, and others that open on the plain, or on the vast sheet of water forming Lake Ellesmere.

All round this portion of the peninsula spreads the Pacific, with clouds resting on the water, and breezes rippling the surface; at one place dark from a passing shower, at another bright with sunshine. The traveller looks over thousands of square miles of the ocean, on which he may distinguish vessels without being able to form the faintest idea of their size.

Magnificent as is this view, it sinks to insignificance compared with the grandeur of plain and mountain to be seen beyond. He finds his pedestal connected with the prairie only in a less degree than with the ocean, many of its claws resting on a plain, to his eye as level and as extensive.

A heavy fall of snow has covered the ranges with a fresh mantle, and the Alpine chain comes out white, pure, and dazzlingly beautiful, conveying to the mind the idea of gigantic magnitude. And the plain is worthy of its frame. The eye embraces as many thousand square miles of land as it does of ocean.

The ground in the immediate vicinity of the traveller is, in itself, singular enough. In England vegetation at such a height—if there were such a height—would altogether cease, and, in most countries, become of a low order. Here the forest is as luxuriant, the tussacks as numerous, and the fern as thick, as in the vales below. Indeed, it is one of the peculiarities of New Zealand, that the earth on the elevated *plateaux* is often the best, and the vegetation most luxuriant. The trees were low, though the trunks were large, the branches being apparently fixed in such an attitude as if a roaring tempest had rushed up the gorge and endeavoured to tear them from the ground. These trunks were gray, gnarled, and hoary. A bed of beautiful mosses hung in elaborate tracery, and tiny ferns in every variety, to delight the fanciers of these plants. Occasionally clover would sprout out on the path—

the white clover, that threatens, in its amazing growth, to cover the whole island.

No imagination can picture landscapes so different in character as that furnished by the peninsula, and that which we behold on the plains.

## CHAPTER XII.

Christchurch, the City of the Plains—Its Streets, Houses, and Shops—Market-Day—Squatters and Farmers—Plague of Flies—The Climate—The Cathedral and Church Accommodation—Dearness of Articles of Consumption—Post Office System—Police—Roads.

CHRISTCHURCH, the city of the plains, stands about five miles from the foot of the peninsula, between two singular streams. That on which it is situated, called the Avon, wells up from the ground a few miles off, and its clear cold stream curves and bends with a quick course, till it discharges itself into an estuary where the peninsula meets the sea. The growth of the city is towards the other stream, named the Heathcote, which winds round the spurs of the peninsula, rising and flowing like the Avon, till it mingles with its sister stream in the same

estuary. To the eye the country is a dead level, much of it being of a swampy, peaty nature, but more dry and gravelly.

The plan of the city was settled in England before the colonists landed, and there was little difficulty in transferring the paper plan to the soil, the space being so bare and flat. The labour of a few men for a few months cut the foot-paths, rounded the streets, and heavily metalled them with unbroken stone from the neighbouring gravel pits. The plan is therefore very clear, and the broad streets intersecting each other in straight lines, and running away into the distance, give a town-like aspect, even though there are no houses. The principal is Colombo Street, from the general terminus of the railway in progress, and those in futurity, through the heart of the town to the North Road.

A square has been reserved in the centre for the proposed cathedral, by which this highway is carried, and over the Avon near the Government buildings. I believe it will become the show-street of Christchurch, though, at present, Cashel Street is of more importance, crossing it at right angles, and cutting the city in halves in the other direction.

The erratic course of the Avon in some measure breaks the formality of these straight and rectangular highways. In one of its wide bends, it encloses a space wisely reserved for a park, one day to become as useful as it will be ornamental. Except where the Avon breaks into the monotonous figures, the town has been ruled out by the surveyor into squares and parallelograms. It struck me that the citizens had joined with the stream to war against this formality by the quaintness of their designs in building.

Queer houses lined the straight paths, with overhanging storeys, Elizabethan gables, fantastic roofs, new designs in doors and windows, with old designs in porticoes and verandahs, showing the architects at strife with the surveyors. In public buildings there is a Post-Office like nothing else in the world; and a range of Government offices—if like anything else, the grotesque structure it resembles has not been seen by me. Although I often heard these prettily-placed turrets by the blue waters of the Avon abused, I plead guilty to liking the edifice standing where it does, however it might look if removed to another city.

The shops are good, and well provided for a place so small, and so far from the source whence supplies are mostly drawn. But in judging of this colonial town he who estimates its population, and thence deduces the probable amount of business done, would go far astray, for every peasant spends an income equal to the pay of a subaltern. A gigantic establishment constructed of galvanised iron attracts attention, with its huge tilted roof, its rows of stalls, and stands for carriages—it is a horse repository, and though extensive in accommodation, by no means the only one in the town.

Some of the gentlemen's houses take in the oblong formed by the right angled streets, hedging in their pleasure-ground with a luxuriant growth of broom, quick, or gorse, lined by poplars and gum-trees. If the eye can penetrate the hedging, all the fruit-trees and flowers of an English garden may be seen growing vigorously. Most of the parallelograms, however, are either open common, with perhaps the framework of a wooden box rising up in a corner, or fenced in, with a few cows or horses grazing.

The hammer rings in every direction, nailing

the weather-boards on the slight frames of the houses springing up like mushrooms around. In a country where brick can be readily made, and stone abounds, it is a pity the buildings should be of wood. Though the cheap and quick erection gives a temporary accommodation, the citizens in the end will pay heavily. When the town grows into a collected mass, it will surely be destroyed by fire. A north-wester and a spark will one day leave the site as bare as when Captain Thomas selected it for a city.

Christchurch is a purely agricultural town, acknowledging no divided allegiance, the pastoral and tilling interests being the parents to which it owes birth and sustenance. Erected on so broad a basis, it rises with a security no other foundation can give, and bears the marks of wealth and stability. Hong-Kong is a city of trade, dependent for its existence on a freak of commerce; Melbourne and Dunedin are cities of gold, overflowing or deserted according to the chance discoveries of auriferous fields; but Christchurch, though an infant, is an agricultural town.

On Saturdays, when market is held, the streets are alive with business. Carts roll in piled with

farm produce, and dames in gay attire condescend to sit on sacks of corn. Occasionally teams of bullocks bring in heavy drays, though horses do nearly all the work. Vehicles of every description fill up the broad-ways—here a dog-cart, there a waggonette, now something new from England, then something old from no one knows where. The horses look well, with shiny coats, as if well fed and well groomed, though some never taste oats, and few know what a currycomb means.

Most of the squatters live on their runs, and the farmers on their estates. The producers, therefore, who are the real wealth of the country, reside outside the city. The squatter, some thirty miles off, mounts a horse, and in less than three hours rides into the town. The farmer drives in with his wife and family, and all add greatly to the life and bustle of the streets. It is no wonder that the horse repositories thrive, the plains being covered with active young men, who pay some six shillings per night for the stabling, and two shillings for an extra feed. An excellent club, where the gentlemen find good accommodation, is not likely to lessen the inclination towards the city.

The hotels are numerous, and some of them are

good. The best is a boarding-house called the Ladies' Club, which is generally filled with residents, or with ladies coming in from the sheep stations. When a family do not live on the run whence their income is derived, they seldom reside in the town. A plot of ground is purchased a few miles away, and there they build, plant, and beautify. This tends greatly to give to the environs a neatly cultivated and finished appearance.

When first settled, the country was looked upon as hopelessly ugly. The bare land—half shingle, half swamp—was held to be irreclaimably plain, and perhaps its future will owe much to the bald and treeless site. To nourish plantations became the fashion, and even the subject of legislation. A shrubbery added to the value of a situation. People compared the growth of the infant shoots, and took their visitors to look at the little oaks, ash, and walnuts, at the acacia that might, if closely observed, *be seen* to grow, and at the blue gums, like poplars in a row, throwing up their slender branches with a rapidity astonishing even to the Australians.

In spite of the intense heat, many of the meadows bore a brilliant green sward, and the gorse

made some of the lanes yellow with the profusion of its flowers.

I never entered Christchurch without being sensible of a small pest that marks the season as well as fruit or flowers, detracting from comfort and marring enjoyment. The common English house-fly had invaded the town like a plague; they lay dead in myriads in windows, poisoned by the fly-papers spread about. Around the butchers' shops the air was alive, and they hung like a cloud in those of the confectioners, settling in swarms over the glass bottles, and covering as a coat of tar any sweetmeat left exposed. I experienced no other annoyance of the kind in New Zealand, and I only once saw a mosquito, though for a portion of the time I lived close to a swamp. Indeed an exemption from such nuisances, as well as from more noxious animals, is one of the advantages of the country. I was sensible, however, of a pest of another kind. The shingle spread over the streets is impregnated with the sand of the soil. A sea breeze rises with the sun, and blows fiercely at noonday, driving along clouds of this sand and dust. The wind is in itself sufficiently disagreeable, but bearing such a load it becomes insufferable.

It did not surprise me to learn there was much sickness in a town built on land so flat, low, and swampy, requiring a system of drainage beyond its means. On such a locality the accumulation of people must quickly lead to a condition productive of disease. I fully believe this unhealthiness to be temporary, depending on sanitary measures for removal, not from anything radically defective in the site, though some spoke despondingly on the subject. If the site were in fault, how is it that so many years have elapsed before it has been shown? Would a town similarly placed in any part of the world be healthy before a good system of drainage were carried out? Certainly not; then why should it be so in New Zealand? The fact is this climate has been so over-praised, that people have a vague idea it ought to change the laws of nature. If they trust to their climate to bear them harmless in the neglect of work it is ordained they should do, nature will repay them—as it has repaid the Chinese and all others who have so acted—by desolating plagues. Low fevers have prevailed this summer; the next very hot season may bring rampant typhus, and that may be followed by cholera.

The very name of this city betokens its Church-

of-England origin; every street is called after a bishop, and it is a bishop's see. Here at least the settler would look for good church accommodation, yet he would look for it in vain. The cathedral is a mere castle in the air, and there is not even a parish church, unless the patched-up wooden building may be so styled. If the race to St. Michael's, when it is open, speak swell for the citizens as churchmen, still it is not an edifying spectacle to see people scramble for seats in the house of God as in a theatre. However commendable the enterprise and the ambition that designed so fine a structure as the cathedral, and that pay so largely to carry it out, yet it might be asked if for the present a parish church less pretending, but more readily attainable, would not be more suitable.

Families will find Christchurch a most expensive place. Although the capital of an agricultural district, agricultural produce entering into household consumption is excessively dear. It is of little advantage that wheat is four shillings and sixpence a bushel, if bread is tenpence for a four-pound loaf. Fowls were sold at seven shillings and sixpence a couple, turkeys about fourteen shillings each, eggs

three shillings per dozen, butter two shillings a pound; beef and mutton about the English price; coal some five pounds a ton, and wood three pounds the cord. The shop price of English produce was more than a hundred per cent. dearer than at home, and I doubt if a hundred and fifty per cent extra would cover the expense of servants and house rent —the single item of washing costing from three shillings and sixpence to four shillings per dozen.

This may demolish some pleasing ideas of living in the midst of plenty in so fine a farming district, but I hold it to be most important for correct information to be circulated at home. A family proceeding to Canterbury under the impression that their income will go further there than in heavily-taxed England, would make a disastrous move. To create an income from the investment of realized capital there, is a very different thing, and might be well worth the attention of those of moderate means; but to go with a fixed income, as they proceed to the continent, might lead to most bitter and unavailing regret.

These remarks apply to one province and to one period only. Whether consumption overtakes increase, rendering the place still dearer, or increase

overtakes consumption, lowering materially the price of most necessaries, is mere speculation. I write simply of what I saw, and my remarks may be as little applicable to the Christchurch of two or three years hence, as the hand-books of the Southern Provinces, written a few years ago, now are to these settlements, so rapidly becoming highly organised communities.

The Post Office system I considered so good in America was adopted, I saw, in Christchurch; private boxes being attached to the building, the holder of each number having the key in his possession, and removing his letters, which are slipped in when sorted, at his convenience. There were mounted postmen also delivering letters at the houses. Little boys cried the Daily Press through the streets, and placards announced important news from Taranaki, or summaries just brought by the English mail. The poles and telegraph wire that skirted the bridle path in my ascent from Lyttelton, came by the side way along Colombo Street, and entered a building where a board hung giving the shipping intelligence. The *Albatross*, with fifty passengers and one hundred assisted emigrants, anchored; mail signalled from the North; *Ladybird* sails at two

o'clock for Dunedin; cattle ship outside from Australia.

I only noticed one hawker, and he sold muffins; but though the goods were not carried to the consumer, great efforts were made to bring the consumer to the goods. Large red-printed bills drew attention to "sales by auction," advertised for days previously, and were further assisted by mounted criers, who rang bells and shouted down the streets while the sale was progressing.

When a prisoner in my sitting-room at Lyttelton, a man hoarse with constant bawling walked round so often with these announcements, that I retain an accurate impression of the goods patronized by the Canterbury settlers. Once, after a jumble of drapery and "gents' hose," he electrified me by stating, "in lots to suit purchasers, one Australian cockatoo, terms at sale." Sometimes he added, "a champagne lunch provided," never omitting, "God save the Queen!"

The number of commission-agents gives an idea of the vast amount of property constantly changing hands. To judge from the advertisements, it might be supposed that the province was in the market. Indeed, this is a peculiarity of all young countries,

and tends so much to give the trading tone to society, that everything is for sale—no land, no house, no article being sacred from the profanation of an auctioneer's hammer.

The best-dressed men in the streets are the police, a fine, well-drilled, and military-looking body. Sneers may often be heard at their attempts to ape dragoons, yet it is wise to give to them as complete an organization as possible, and they will be found, on emergencies that may arise soon, and which must arise late, to be worth whole corps of volunteers. Volunteering holds a place in the columns of newspapers, and is the subject of articles, of letters. and of talk, but occupies little, if any, of the settler's time. Time is more valuable in a colony than in England, and people are poorer, and with less patriotism; therefore the system which has given to England so fine an army of citizens, will never thrive in these new countries. The Provincial Government are right to foster as high a soldierly spirit of organization as possible, in the only force under their control.

Christchurch is fortunately placed for defence from a foreign foe; and though not urged by the citizens, this really forms the strongest argument

for its being made the capital of New Zealand. Such questions are not of to-day, nor should they be now settled, for reasons that time will remove. Paris is strong, because it is the interior of a warlike nation. Dare the Emperor of Russia make war upon England, if St. Petersburgh were on the sea? If these islands are to become the Britain of the south, fleets will guard their coast, and they will rule in the Southern Hemisphere. The employment of war-ships betokens danger, and they are not ubiquitous. Nations who rule are the objects of envy, and they are never wholly free from the chance of attack. It would then be well to have a seat of government beyond the reach of projectiles from ships.

The army has to be formed that could land in the face of an enterprising enemy, in the heavy surf on the beach along the plain. The harbours of the peninsula are easy of defence, and the passes over the hills are positions so strong that they could not be forced, unless held by a people to whom strong positions were of no avail. In modern times the site of a capital should be like Christchurch, beyond the guns of an enemy's fleet.

The connection of Christchurch with the port is, as yet, very imperfect, and this is the chief reason given for the expense of everything not produced on the plains. There are three routes. The bridle path, though macadamized, is suitable only for pack-horses and foot-passengers. An omnibus runs twice each day between the foot of the hills and the town. The carriers take the road by Sumner, leading by the lagoon, under the precipitous spurs of the peninsula, up the valley of Sumner, over Evan's Pass, and by the steep harbour-side into Lyttelton. The Ferry road bears all the traffic, the bridle path and the Sumner way uniting at the Ferry, some four miles from the city. It is, however, only half of this distance of four miles that is used for the transport of the bulk of merchandise, as it is carried by boats over the bar connecting the lagoon with the sea, and up the tidal stream of the Heathcote, till in one of its bends it touches the road, half-way to the Ferry, where wharves and warehouses have been established.

A fleet of small craft find employment between these wharves, and Lyttelton, and the bays of the peninsula, as well as some small steamers. Their profit may be judged from the fact that the carriage

often costs as much as from England, and the danger to the goods is greater. Perhaps the most extensive work ever undertaken by so young a country is the railway in progress between the port and the town.

The tunnel will penetrate the range that shuts out the plains from the harbour of Lyttelton. Most of its length, a mile and a half, was completed when I paid a visit to the end emerging from the hills on the Christchurch side. It was arched with brick and faced with cut stone, the breadth being sufficient only for a single line of rails. The change this work will effect cannot be estimated till it comes into operation. On the completion of the extensive dock accommodation designed, this city, that cannot see the ocean, will have shipping advantages possessed by few.

When this system of communication is complete, no other town can hope to obtain a footing on the plains. Such places as Kiapoi, Saltwater Creek, and Timaru may hold their position as villages, and commission agents may puff into sale sites as yet unknown. The tendency of railroads is to centralize. Bad roads will make many villages, good roads will condense them into a few towns,

but railroads will concentrate them into one great metropolis. Whoever, therefore, hearkens to the syren voice of the auctioneer, and invests in positions with unheard-of advantages, may live to learn what the effect of railways will be on this prairie. Natural laws have decreed that one town only shall arise, to be fostered into greatness by all the wealth of a most productive country, and Christchurch, destined to exist without a rival, may well be termed "The City of the Plains."

## CHAPTER XIII.

Embankments and Fences—New Zealand Flax—Mountain Ranges—Mineral Wealth—Atmospheric Changes—High Winds—Scab in Sheep—Rich Settlers—Value of Land—Carriage—Live Stock—Profit on Sheep—Game—Horse-racing—Cooks and Cookery—Society in New Zealand—Delusions—Wool—Value of Emigration.

For many miles from Christchurch the roads are lined by earth embankments, topped with gorse, often intermixed with broom. Occasionally the fields are fenced with posts and rails, the rails sometimes giving place to iron wire. By degrees the country loses its cultivated aspect, and the wayfarer looks over an interminable waste of yellow tussacks, or over swamps, where they seem to thrive even more luxuriantly, borne above the water on matted masses of roots, standing from

two to three feet high, and each thicker than a man's leg.

A border of New Zealand flax runs along the edge of the swamp, or by the margin of flowing streams, the green leaves, some six or eight feet long, falling in curves from a centre, where rises the dried stalk, that had sustained the flower of the plant, when in bloom said to be full of honey. Many large spaces are covered with the *phornium tenax*, tons of one of the best fibres known wasting on the bog, an encumbrance to the earth. The settlers regard this plant with positive affection; it comes into practical use in their daily life, from a horse-girth to a shoe-string. To many it forms a subject of day-dreams of future wealth, and I believe the time is near when the export of its fibre will equal that of all the other staples put together.

The road soon ceases to be metalled, then to be hedged, and at last comes out on the prairie, without an object visible, except where the cabbage tree, like a solitary and distant horseman, breaks the monotony of the view.

The long line of rugged hill-ranges are ever present, in summer streaked with snow, in winter clad in dazzling white, a feature of eternal grandeur. In

the neighbourhood of Christchurch the barren-looking hills of the peninsula shelve, with their treeless spurs unbroken, into the flat country, whence I argue that waves never could have acted on their base, for where such action has taken place the slopes have been cut away into precipices. To the north the hills can be distinguished, where the plain ends. Southwards, the distance the latter runs is immense, its breadth from the foot of the mountains to the sea averaging some forty miles, ascending from the coast-line in a gentle and admirably drained slope.

Lining the beach there is a belt of rich wet land. The tract adjoining it is, for the most part, very dry and gravelly, while that along the foot of the range is again wetter and richer. The rivers rush in impetuous torrents through gorges of the chain, spreading out into wide and ungainly beds, impediments to traffic, and dangerous in no ordinary degree, being liable to sudden floods from unseen causes.

Over this waste the stations of the squatters are dotted, and small landholders cluster around spots presenting facilities for cultivation, with water-carriage, or bush. The land for many a league

around Christchurch has been purchased from the Government, chiefly along the belt of rich agricultural soil up and down the coast.

No difficulty should be felt in picturing the appearance of this province. The three main lines, which form the broad features of the territory, require but a small effort of the imagination. First we have the chain of mountains, from three to seven thousand feet high, then the flat running with it for scores of leagues, some forty miles broad, and finally the sea along its whole length, with the hills of the peninsula, half grass, half forest, projecting above the interminable beach.

If the intending settler will dismiss from his mind the green downs and verdant meadows of England, and substitute the branches of tall yellow thin shoots over endless prairies, he cannot be far wrong in the landscape his mind will conceive. He can throw in the rivers, flowing in wide beds and many channels, the little streams coursing over the country, not observed till he is on their brink, the endless beach sinking out of sight to the right and left, singularly enough composed of sand to the north of the peninsula, and of shingle to the south.

The province is separated from Nelson by the river Huronui, and from Otago by the Wiataki. On the west as well as on the east it is bounded by the sea. The region beyond the mountains was a comparatively unknown and mysterious country, exciting, at the time I write, the greatest interest among the colonists. Three parties had penetrated the range almost simultaneously; one close to the Nelson frontier, another by that of Otago, and the third within the territory of that province, near the Canterbury boundary.

The slopes to the west are timbered with the New Zealand forest in its densest form, and the explorers were compelled to take to the beds of the torrents. Rain fell in endless showers, and the waters rushed down in foaming cataracts. The most southerly party passed over glaciers, up precipices, and along steppes, by a route likely to be as useful to the colony as the North-West Passage is to the world. The provincial geologist made his way not far from these enterprising adventurers by a pass he discovered, and with comparative ease got down to the sea.

There is a strong conviction abroad that this is a region of minerals, rich in coal, in copper, and in

iron, and the best gold-field on earth. The jade, so valued in China, is strewn in masses on its beach. Its forests, filled with the valuable totara, are interminable, and strange rumours were afloat that the Moa still stalks over its endless hills, in a solitude as great as that in which the albatross wings its flight in the frozen regions of the south.

My experience of the climate of the plains cannot be worth much, for, to my wonder, I was there in a season unknown to the oldest Maori. On hearing this, I lifted my hands in amazement, while strange visions flitted across my brain. Was I the Wandering Jew, or why should a season unknown before to the inhabitants follow me in my travels over the globe? The failure of the potatoes proved it to be exceptional, as that crop is generally both certain in its growth, and excellent in its quality.

The sun was very powerful, and the atmosphere dry. No rain had fallen for months, and the wild vegetation, withering under the heat, was bursting into spontaneous fires. Scarcely a week went by without a blast like that of the sirocco passing over the plains. Sometimes this north-west wind blew fiercely, with an oppressive effect on the spirits, accompanied with clouds of dust, and it was then

difficult to believe that this was the climate said to be the most healthful and charming.

The wind would shift to the south, and a change, as if by magic, would be effected in the atmosphere. In one hour the dry hot scorching air would be replaced by a chilly damp gale, then it would draw round to its usual point, and the sea breeze from the north-east would sweep over the bare plain, shaking out the grain from the ears of growing crops, and blossoms from the fruit-trees, slamming doors and window-shutters, circling the dust in eddies round corners, and forcing the hand to the head in the ceaseless effort to keep on hats and bonnets. At night the plain sank into quietness, and the moon, even in an early stage, shed a silvery light over the peaceful scene, so brilliant that the distant mountains stood out in bold relief against the sky.

A strange peculiarity of the climate is that there is less wind in winter than in summer. Occasionally storms blow during that season from the south-west, with sleet and rain, which give way, after some thirty or forty hours, to a fortnight of the most sparkling sunshine. The Alpine chain becomes dazzling, and snow covers the peaks of the peninsula, but rarely lies on the plains. In the

morning the ground is crisp with frost, the thin ice melting when the sun attains to any height. The Kiakoras look as if only a morning's walk away, though nearly eighty miles from Christchurch, so clear is the atmosphere, as well as bracing, exhilarating, and joyous, giving an elasticity to the spirits that has gone far towards making the climate so celebrated.

I believe the high winds of summer are less felt towards the south than about Christchurch, though they rush through the gorges of the mountains in gusts as impetuous as the torrents that flow down their rocky beds. I made many inquiries about the winds of New Zealand. I held that the only true way of estimating their force and quantity was by comparing the sea-board of these islands with that of England, because at sea the position is equal, while on shore it is not equal. In London I have often seen the clouds drifting with speed across the sky, the token to one who has been much at sea of a gale, perhaps blowing furiously in the Channel, while the people in the streets have scarcely felt it.

In the undulating vales, and under the hedgerows and trees, the wind is little more felt; but ask the householders facing the Southsea Common, or

the wayfarer constantly crossing the Salisbury Plains, and their idea will be found to differ widely from that of the citizens of a sheltered town. The boatman who carried the Akaroa mails to Pigeon Bay twice a week, equal to the distance by sea from Ryde to Skanklin, had scarcely missed a day for years in his open row boat, and the masters of the steamers and sailing craft along the coast agreed in stating that the winds were not so high as on the shores of Great Britain, nor were storms so frequent or so violent. I conclude, therefore, that the winds of New Zealand are not so high as the people suppose, being more felt from the open, unsheltered nature of the country.

Every foot of the known territory where a sheep or cow can pasture, has been taken up by the squatter. Imaginary lines cross the plains in every direction, dividing them into different stations. The rivers are the only natural boundaries, the surveyor's lines between the runs being crossed by the sheep in flocks, driving before a southerly wind, till brought up in a confused mass of brands and marks by a rapid stream.

The sheep are liable to a most infectious disease, called the scab, the bane and terror of the squat-

ters. When those of one station become infected, it is no easy matter to preserve the health of the flocks pasturing on the same block between the rivers. Stringent laws are in force to check the spread of the disease, ruinous to the owners of infected flocks. A high-salaried official is empowered by Government to muster and inspect the sheep at his pleasure, and none save those branded by him can legally be landed in the province.

Now and then dogs become wild, and are destructive, but their number is soon reduced, for they are easily destroyed. The pigs are a more formidable foe, many runs being infested with these animals to an extent so great, that the owners contract for their extermination, at so much per tail.

A few years ago the whole country lay open for selection. The first comer took his 50,000 acres between the natural boundaries he fancied, or the best he could get, paying the Government a small annual rent for a term of years, with the sole proviso that he should put a certain quantity of stock upon the station within a certain period. In those days the foundations of many fortunes were laid, the run being obtained for nothing, and

the sheep being far cheaper than they are at present. Then this was indeed the land for the small capitalist.

Many young gentlemen, thrown on it by little else than chance, astonished themselves and their friends by becoming wealthy men. Cousins and schoolfellows followed, certain they could do equally well; and now every ship brings its one or two cadets of good family to take up country, and embark in sheep—perhaps deluding themselves with the hope that they will soon be able to return home, buy an estate, and get into Parliament.

A district held to be the best grazing country in the Southern Hemisphere, close by the wealthy colonies of Australia, did not long remain open. Its advantages were too great, and its space too limited. There was a rush, and all the grass it grew soon had its owner. That this territory should have remained, till lately, unnoticed, may surprise, yet those who have observed the flow of emigration see strange freaks and unaccountable blunders. Its barren aspect was against it, and is so even now, when experience has shown what its productive powers are. Its runs contrasted unfavourably with the park-like beauties of an

Australian sheep-walk, and raised a prejudice time only could remove.

But in proportion as its celebrity as a pastoral country grew, there came into the field an enemy to the squatter, even greater than the sheep-disease I have adverted to. This was the land purchaser, of whom there were two classes—the one generally from Australia, who swallowed up the ground where the squatter stood, leaving him and his sheep in the air; and "cockatoos," as the station owners call the other, who "spotted" his run all over with fifty and one hundred acre sections, and worried him for trespass.

The Canterbury government requires two pounds per acre to be paid on application for the soil. The price is sufficiently high to delay the immediate purchase of all the good land, yet only to delay it. The process is more slow when the money has to be thus found, than when blocks of from forty to fifty thousand acres were taken for nothing; but if slower, the transfer being gradually effected, from squatting to freehold, is not less sure. The time approaches when the Government will not possess on these plains, for sale, a rood worth having.

The men who keep goading the squatters to the purchase of their statious are the immigrants and the successful gold-diggers. Some of them are always in the field, and the flock-owner sees with dismay the first intruder into his solitude, the harbinger, he may have good reason to suspect, of a flight to the locality. He who can, sets his mind at rest by spotting his own run, purchasing along the water frontages, taking the bush, if there be any, and doing his best to render useless to the public as large a tract of the station as possible. Yet this does not always save him, for if a capitalist becomes the purchaser of this tract, the squatter, to his astonishment and disgust, finds himself transformed into the cockatoo. The tenure of the station-holder has thus been rendered insecure, and the pursuit is now barred against those with small means.

The power of the soil to carry stock, condensed on a small space throughout the year, by the culture of English grass, is its main advantage. In its natural state it may not be superior to portions of Australia, but its sward has few rivals in either hemisphere, when laid down with English grass. A thousand well-chosen acres, within a ring fence,

thus sown, are more than equal to ten times that quantity in a waste state. It is this that gives to the country so brilliant a prospect. Cheap labour would very soon cover the plains with cereals, and send ships to England loaded with wheat.

The country is, as yet, in too primitive a state for the landowner to farm extensively. When labour is more at command, and the system of carriage better matured, the corn of this district will find its place in the markets of England, unless a more profitable crop be discovered. It will not be long before the outlying tracts are connected with Christchurch by tramways, and that city with the port, by a system offering admirable shipping advantages. Then this untaxed soil, so open to the plough—though in large spaces light and poor—and aided by such a climate, will easily compete with the prairies of America. Then gentlemen can try farming on a large scale, extensively employing machinery, and adding to wool the export of corn, with great benefit to themselves and a greater benefit to the colony. Now the farmer's only object is to get his land under English grass, and discharge the labourers, to whom he pays from eight to ten shillings a day,

while the wheat he has produced is unsaleable at a remunerative price in the very limited and overstocked market of the province.

There is no animal of the temperate zone that does not thrive on these plains. The sheep imported from Australia increases in size, and in the weight of its fleece. Cows give rich milk, and are as profitable for dairy purposes as in England. The horses grow sleek, and are fleet, vigorous, and strong. All these animals are singularly free from disease. Few of them can be too young or too delicate to remain in the fields night and day during the winter, and, as the grass continues to grow without any great check, an artificial supply of food is not necessary, an advantage to be estimated by a farmer of one of the prairie states or of Canada.

Small sums of money can be profitably invested in sheep, by those in no way connected with the stations. In every newspaper there are advertisements from the squatter, offering to take sheep "on terms," whereby he guarantees an increase of forty per cent., and a rent, called "wool money," of two shillings and sixpence per head. A thousand sheep cost, when I was in New Zealand, about

one thousand six hundred pounds. From these figures, the return offered by the run-holder may be calculated. It is clear his own profits must be enormous, to take other people's sheep on such conditions. This is said to be the best investment now open in Canterbury, but it stands on an insecure basis, for sheep can scarcely rise to a price much higher, but they may fall, till the poor things are worth only the tallow they will produce when boiled down.

These conditions can be varied to suit the objects of him who invests, such, for instance, as a yearly rental of three hundred pounds per thousand sheep for a fixed period. It required good investments to tempt money where fifteen per cent. was given on landed security, and where any joint stock concern was not held to be a success, if it did not pay over ten per cent.

Sheep, cattle, pigs, and goats have run wild, and penetrated into the solitudes of the mountains, the only *game* of the country. A society has been established in Australia to acclimatize animals, with a branch at Auckland. As yet its operations have not been so extensive as could be wished. Gradually, however, these islands must become

stocked with game. They have great natural advantages; indeed, they are as fine a field as can well be imagined, and these advantages are enhanced by their freedom from animals of prey.

Some years ago pheasants were set at liberty on Bank's Peninsula, yet they have not spread as they were expected, being grouped in numbers in one of the bays. The cover on the plains was not sufficient for partridge and hares, when they were turned loose, and they were shot or hunted to death. Even the paradise and other wild ducks that once covered this region, and the quail that sprang up from the tussacks beneath the horse's feet, in its straight and rapid flight, are diminishing.

The water is as devoid of fish as the land is of game. As yet the attempts to introduce salmon into Tasmania have failed, but every hope is entertained of eventual success. Many of the New Zealand streams look as if formed for trout and salmon, and the eye of the fisherman is often fixed on the deep current of a circling pool, half persuaded that Nature could not have created such a place, without the fish to rise with a splash as he threw his fly on the surface.

In a climate so healthy and invigorating, those accustomed to the sports of England are not likely to neglect the only one open to them, and by many the most prized—that of horse-racing. Throughout these provinces racing flourishes the more vigorously, absorbing, as it does, the energies elsewhere distributed among many sports. In an open plain like this, where horses are the only means of locomotion, the turf takes a high place in the thoughts, conversation, and time of the settlers. They boast of possessing one of the finest race-courses and training fields, and that the increasing speed of their horses will qualify them soon to compete for prizes even on the English turf. A Jockey Club was one of the earliest established and best supported institutions in Christchurch.

When cooks can be procured, none can complain of the dishes placed on the table. My experience goes to prove that the English are the people least gifted by nature with a culinary taste. In many countries the inhabitants seem to cook as if taught by instinct, while in our most productive colonies the destruction and the ruinous waste of good food, through ignorance, can hardly be estimated.

The knowledge that a sheep can be converted into plates of greasy chops, and furnish one leg for roasting and another for boiling—that ribs and sirloins of beef are "roasting pieces"—qualify a woman to call herself a cook. Bad as this is at home, it is ruinously so in such young provinces, which only get the most ignorant, and the change is so constant that servants seldom remain sufficiently long to learn. Labour, too, being extremely expensive, the time cannot be afforded to make things really nice. Thus the choicest viands undergo a sad and endless process of being constantly spoiled.

Pigs and turkeys, rabbits and geese, guinea fowls and ducks, can be obtained in perfection. Sea-kale, asparagus, and the rarest vegetables are produced with ease. The fields are covered with mushrooms, and in the damp forest it is said that truffles abound. Solid as are these advantages, the future holds out a prospect of boundless luxury. Australia is growing into a first-rate wine-producing district; and the fertile islands of the South Seas will place every fruit, vegetable, and animal of the tropics within a few days' distance by steam. In sober reality, the time can be looked for when the delicate Tokay, Muscat, and other wines of Aus-

tralia will circulate on a table, bearing a *mélange* of fruit from the torrid and temperate zones; the lychee and the strawberry, the banana and the pear, the mangusteen and the gooseberry, the peach and the mango. New Zealand has been said to be the worst-placed colony we have. Time, the great rectifier of errors, may show that it is the best.

To give a true sketch of the society forming on this territory is a task requiring a skilful pen, so I will not attempt it. However great may be the change that is felt on landing, I cannot undertake to analyse and describe the various conflicting feelings with which the immigrant regards his new home. The settlement was formed with the avowed object of carrying there a complete section of English society. To carry away and to maintain a complete section of English society out of England is impossible, for experience shows that every country stamps on the society it supports its own peculiar mark. Society is undergoing a perceptible change even in England, partly owing to its connection with America and these Colonies. Perhaps a society can in a great degree be moulded by efforts of its own, independent of the country, but time alone

can show the form it is destined to take. It may be said that the mould of England is somewhat similar to that of New Zealand, and therefore the tendency of the latter country is to produce a society akin to that of the former. In the end it may be so; yet I consider that physically they differ materially, and that the process of colonizing has effected a change which this difference will tend to widen.

These islands will develope their peculiarities more rapidly than the colonies of Australia and Canada. Such extensive territories maintain, for a lengthened period, the colonial character, being so large that they have to undergo an endless process of settlement. The limited space, and the advantages it offers, will ensure to New Zealand a speedy occupation. When a large population is condensed, its peculiarities will become conspicuous, whether the result is good or evil, whether they manifest improvement or degeneracy.

A mark is stamped on every society that has gone through the process of settling, be the process long or short, which will cause it to differ considerably from that of the mother country, even though every effort be made to maintain the like

ness, and though the territory settled be a facsimile of England.

The general and individual wealth is a marked feature of the province, which furnishes an exception to the rule that princely fortunes co-exist with shocking poverty. There is often an equality of means throughout such communities, with neither a very rich nor a very poor class—a condition which, however advantageous, is still fatal to all that we may term picturesque in society. A superficial glance would lead to the supposition that Canterbury was in this condition; yet public rumour estimated two or three leviathan incomes at scores of thousands per annum, and many at several thousands a year, though the owners could not be distinguished among the people, having around them few of those accompaniments for which such incomes are chiefly valued. Were the wealth of the province equally divided, each person would be richer than the inhabitants of any territory where a similar distribution could be made; and if this be so, the community, as a whole, is richer. I am aware how fluctuating and deceptive is the wealth of a young settlement. The Dutch tulip mania might be compared, without much exaggeration,

to some of the wildest speculations of our colonies. Canada acknowledges to a periodical fit, coming at regular intervals, unless interrupted by such an occurrence as the construction of their railway system, which flooded the country with English money, leading to a general erection of castles-in-the-air, and a subsequent fall in exact proportion to their height. The effect of the real prosperity was to hasten the coming on of the fit, and to delay, by the warning of the terrible crash, the one that is to follow. There is a fascination in this easy growth of wealth that charms away the judgment.

What wonder if Brown, who holds a few acres of ground near a city rising like an air-built castle, allows the pleasing delusion of incalculable wealth to enter his brain? Before the city left Mother Earth he valued each acre at a hundred pounds, in mid-career it rose to a thousand, at its height it has reached ten thousand. Simply by altering the figures on a sheet of foolscap, Brown's poverty has become wealth. He is lucky if the land remains unsold, for the atmosphere changes, and the descent of the city is far more rapid than even its rise, while in the heavy air the bills before so easily floated fall to the dust, and become less than nothing.

Ignorant of economical science, I never could understand how Brown was injured if he kept his land, yet he moans as a ruined man, and henceforth describes himself as one that had been rich, but was made poor by the crisis. The real loss arises from means being estimated on erroneous data, and purchases made which cannot be paid for, causing distress and ruin.

The Melbourne delusion was supported, as well as created, by a reality so substantial that it could not disappear like a child's soap-bubble. Still, the days can be recalled when the yearly rent of a house on a muddy road equalled the sum now paid for the freehold of the property, though the road has become a paved, flagged, and gas-lighted street in the centre of one of the finest cities of the empire.

The amount of export, however, is a test even the most shallow can apply; and when Canterbury, in common with the southern provinces, is brought to this touchstone, its wealth is shown to be real, not an hallucination of the settlers. The steamer in which we left Lyttelton failed in an attempt to tow a large ship out of the port, whose cargo of wool was worth, in the colony, over one hundred and

eleven thousand pounds; another had sailed, and two were loading. This is the main staple, and secure, because its market is in Europe.

A gentleman at Christchurch had concluded the purchase of seventy thousand wethers, at some one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. A "mob of cattle," to use the colonial term, after a few exclamations of "my word" and "no fear," would be sold at some ten pounds per head, perhaps numbering one thousand. A squatter disposed of his run for one hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and, as I have before observed, at a sitting of the Waste Lands' Board, a tract of land that he could not walk round in a day is frequently purchased by one man. It will be remembered that for every acre two pounds are paid down.

These transactions represent great wealth; yet the signs of wealth are so few, one might readily be excused for not putting faith in them, were they not exhibited in sterling coin of the realm. Truly to estimate the progress of the province we must go back to a period when the plain looked like a dreary bog, and the only two families who had ventured to settle upon it quarreled about the

boundary by which they divided the country. In the twelve years that have elapsed their fortunes have increased in about the same ratio as their limits have narrowed—the income of the one being said to be seventy thousand pounds a year, and the heir of the other having inherited a splendid estate. And these families are only the representatives of others, the aggregate of whose fortunes, raised with mushroom-like rapidity from the fertile soil, represent the return made by this admirable territory for the expenditure of a comparatively small capital in the space of little more than twelve years.

Perhaps never before was the value of well-directed emigration so strikingly displayed. An ugly bog, which men seeking a home looked at and turned from with disgust, in these few years becomes an extensively cultivated plain, makes wealthy numbers of families, gives food to thousands, raises an export of hundreds of thousands, imports half a million annually of English manufactures, orders for the current year five thousand assistant labourers from the overstocked home markets, and benefits the empire in ways too numerous to detail. If this is not an unmixed good, it is certainly as near an approach to it as can be made in this

erring world, and I know nothing to detract from the encouraging appearance of the picture, unless it be the disappointment experienced by a few who could not realize, before embarking, the crude and unformed condition of a new settlement.

The plains of New Zealand, in 1863, contrasted with the same plains in 1850, would furnish a fine subject for the brush of a painter, which he might well entitle, "The True Value of Emigration."

## CHAPTER XIV.

Ignorance of New Zealand and the Aborigines—The Question of Paying for a Maori War—Separation of Governments—The Native Race—Seat of Government—Union is Strength—Conduct of the Troops—Position of the Commander-in-chief—Military Force required in New Zealand.

When gentlemen ceased discussing sheep, horses, cattle, or the country, the conversation turned to the north island, and the relation between the Maories and the colonists. There were three ways of regarding this question. First, the Imperial or British taxpayer's view. Second, the colonial, or that held by the settlers of the north island, in proximity to, or actual contact with, the natives. And, finally, the southern aspect, taken by those settlers of the provinces who were in no way influenced by danger to life or property.

At home the word signifying a country often conveys a simple idea, meaning a limited space, a government, and a people. Mrs. Smith will ask Lieutenant Brown, 50th Bombay Native Infantry, just from India, if he knows young Smith, in some Bengal regiment, whose number she cannot at the moment recollect; and Mr. Smith will write to his cousin at Kurrachee to look out for his married daughter going to Calcutta. A small and infant colony like New Zealand may well be regarded as a unit, when such ideas are held of our mighty Indian Empire.

It is to be hoped, when this question comes again before the public, that ignorance of its true merits may not lead to its being discussed and handled in a way to cause a separation between the two islands, as well as between the mother country and her young and vigorous offshoot. When the subject assumes an imperial interest Parliament will probably deal with it, impressed with the belief that the colony is a series of small settlements located among tribes of natives.

A large portion of the people derive their ideas of native races, subjects of the Queen, from Exeter Hall. Among them there is a strong impression

that the spirit of contention in New Zealand has been raised by the grasping nature of the colonists, partly to secure to the struggling community a large expenditure from the Imperial treasury, and partly from the covetous wish to obtain the lands of the aborigines.

Such convictions will exercise their influence both on the rulers and on the nation, the more readily as the subject involves a money question. One section depicts the natives as the most intelligent race ever rescued from barbarism—brave and noble in their instincts, and Christian in religion. They consider it worth almost any sacrifice to elevate from a savage state to a high standard of civilization one of the finest races with whom we have been brought in contact; and here is the chance. We may prove to the world that it is compatible with the interests of colonization so to raise a heathen and benighted people, instead of crushing them out of existence to make way for ourselves.

The object is high, and if it is carried out in the true spirit of justice, it may not be impossible.

The other section represent the Maori as a mere savage, rendered the more dangerous by a smatter-

ing of civilization; as a people to whom conciliation means fear; crafty, insolent, and grasping; regarding war as an excitement, with little to lose by plunder, and much to gain. Both sections agree in regarding the Maori as brave, intelligent, and physically strong.

This may all be readily comprehended, and the relations likely to spring up between these tribes and the English settlers located among them. But it is not understood in England that by far the greater part of the people, of the land, and of the property of the colony, is no more affected by the attitude of the natives, than is any gentleman's estate in Yorkshire, or any cotton mill in Lancashire. When a colonial minister points out to the colonists of New Zealand the unfairness of expecting the struggling classes in England to pay the expenses of a Maori war, he addresses a community the majority of whom have even less interest in the question than they on whose behalf the minister writes.

The term *Middle* Island, denoting the *south*, is so evidently absurd that I have not used it. As well might England, Scotland, and Wales be spoken of as the north island of Great Britain, because

the Isle of Wight lies to the south, similar to the position of Stewart's Island in relation to the colony of New Zealand. The ridiculous names given by whalers are followed too servilely.

The North Island is nothing to the inhabitants of the south. To the people of England it is a splendid reserve for emigration, if not available now, to become available twenty years hence. The southern provinces have no such connection with the northern provinces as the latter have with the mother country. They are mere rival communities, competing for the stream of living beings drafted from Great Britain. Each would monopolize all to itself. Yet the Secretary of State tells them it is their business, but not that of the English people, to support the Imperial troops required for the protection of the northern settlers, not one of whose uniforms was seen in the south till the discovery of the gold-fields called for a detachment in Otago.

The tone assumed in England is aggravating to men so placed. It is held to be their war, commenced for the double purpose of robbing the quiet and inoffensive natives, and of profiting by the taxation of the poor people of England, while in reality they have no interest in the question,

further than that raised by the draft of large sums from their treasuries to the exchequer of the north; and they are allowed no voice in the circumstances that caused the war, nor any control in the struggle when commenced.

England appoints the governor, giving him special instructions, and empowering him to act in native questions. When the strife he inaugurates breaks out, the struggle is conducted by imperial officers, wholly beyond colonial control. When the bill has to be settled, the authority who appointed the imperial officers calls on a section of the community to bear the burden of a contention in which they were without interest and without power; while he exempts another section, in whom the control was vested, and who had a considerable interest in the result.

A strong party in the south has formed itself into a league, having its head at Dunedin, to agitate for the separation of the islands into two distinct governments. The reason it puts prominently forth is the advantage the southern provinces would gain by having a local seat of rule; yet that which will have most influence in drawing into this league the southern people, is the one above

given. In their minds they condemn the abandonment of their sister in the north, in her emergency and distress, as ungenerous and un-English. But if England sets the example of abandonment, can she expect an infant community, struggling on a tract of waste land, to take up the burden she drops? Yet, if individually asked, there are few men in England who would not stigmatize the desertion of a sister community by the southern people, under such circumstances, as a cowardly act. In their proximity the settler in the south, as well as his countrymen at home, sees the links that morally bind him, while those of England are lost in the distance. Yet they exist even more strongly for her, and should the country sever this claim, in a moment of pressure and irritation, she will drag the broken links for many a weary year.

The native race is said to be dying out, and the colonists are recommended to wait patiently, bearing every indignity, till natural causes leave them lords of the soil. A suggestion more likely to be disregarded, cannot be imagined. A man insulted, threatened, and injured by another carries his case before a judge, who tells

him his adversary will not live for ever, and therefore he had better wait, if allowed, till his enemy dies, for peace and security. It is not easy to realize the full significance of this advice. It condemns our people located in the island to abandon their property, or to become slaves. Imagine the clenched hands and knit brows of a race whose lordly instincts can scarcely endure the equality of foreigners, with skins as white as their own, condemned to be the slaves of a copper-coloured community of savages. The result may easily be foreseen. The man of peaceful instincts, with wife and children exposed to danger, would abandon his estate, and begin anew in a province of the south. He of iron nerves and sinews, with rifle in hand, and scalping-knife in belt, would hold his own in defiance of all comers; while a fine field would be opened to the lawless, to those who derive a pleasing excitement from danger, and to those who without capital are willing to risk their lives. The Maories would melt from the face of creation as snow from the plains of Canterbury, leaving the island in peace, a blood-stained solitude. What an end for the high aspirations with which we looked forward to the future of these aborigines!—what

a territory for the flag of our sovereign! Dreadful as is this picture, it but fairly portrays what would actually take place were the northern island deserted by England and by the south.

From its earliest settlement, the seat of government has been discussed with an animosity and bitterness peculiar to small communities—the more as it involved a question of personal gain. Circumstances have changed since the days when Wellington met Auckland, on this point, with a feeling of hostility that in olden times would have brought the forces of both parties in contact on a field of battle. Then the cities destined to solve the question were the one a paltry village and the other unborn, its site the abode of Paradise duck, and its wild vegetation the cover of quail. Now the argument is between the islands. Hitherto the south has been a dependency of the north, but the rapid increase of wealth and population in the former has turned the tables, and the time has arrived when the immense disproportion of means requires that the north should be governed from the south. It is thus that the league argues, and on this ground it stands for local rule, with the

threat that if the seat of government be not fixed on their island, they separate.

Many will legislate for momentary gain, sinking the great interests of futurity, unless checked by statesmen of large mind and patriotic heart. Colonists are more likely so to legislate than the inhabitants of an old nationality; for those who expatriate themselves to secure the means of living at home will not, as a general rule, have the welfare of their temporarily adopted country very deeply at heart. How easy to sever—how difficult to rejoin! Interests will arise opposed to the future junction. There will be laws to repeal, hostile feelings to soothe, claims to compensate. Indeed a great task will be prepared, perhaps occupying the life of a statesman to undo the reckless work of an hour. If there be an axiom true on earth, it is that "union is strength," yet when I was in Toronto, the subject of debates and of newspaper leaders was the disruption of the tie between Upper and Lower Canada. At the Cape it was the severance of the eastern and western portions, and now in New Zealand the erection of separate governments for the north and south islands. I offer no

opinion on the league, yet I regret the rise of any influence tending to disturb the unity of this splendid colony.

The opinions I heard expressed as to the manner of dealing with the Maories concurred in recommending vigorous and decisive measures. If we give, they grasp; if we back, they advance. While our gauntlet lies on the ground, and the native feels in his heart that his first step to pick it up will be the signal for a deadly strife, he will refrain. If he can, he will trade on the panic he has created; and though sufficiently crafty to see our fear, he does not know how far he can go. Hence the argument was adduced that bold and decisive measures will avert war, and that a timid and retiring policy will insure it.

When the campaign was discussed, it was painful to see how ungenerous was the judgment of the colonists on the conduct of the troops. The difficulties of a New Zealand war cannot be estimated by those who do not know the country, even though competent to give an opinion on military matters. The grossest ignorance of warlike operations was no bar to the expression of the freest opinion.

Perhaps the most difficult position in which a commander can be placed is that occupied by a general in a colony like this on the outbreak of such a war. He is operating in a country of gigantic mountains and impenetrable forests. He has a circle of isolated settlements to defend, without internal communication of any sort, while his enemy holds the fastnesses in the centre. Considering the positions he has under his protection and those he has to attack, his situation seems hopeless. He has to defend cleared spaces in the wilderness, perhaps hewn from the dense and pathless forest, with farm-houses, cattle, and corn-fields. He has to attack a horde of naked savages, whose possessions are almost confined to their arms, without a single point against which to direct the operations of civilized war. His own army requires an elaborate system of carriage and care, but his enemy can subsist on the fern-root dug from the hill-side.

Two conflicting elements make him the pivot on which they turn. The missionaries, backed by the majority of the English people, enjoin on him a war of gentleness, conciliation, and forgiveness, while his savage foes are tomahawking and burn-

ing all before them. The exasperated settler fiercely demands satisfaction, a war of extermination, a strife of scalps. The escape of an enemy, in the settler's eye, is a crime of the deepest dye; and when the general attacks a *pah*, he demands such a distribution of the force, that no Maori can fly from the stronghold. He does not stop to argue whether such a distribution be opposed to every military rule, and every dictate of common sense, whether it be not offering lives, entrusted to the care of the commander, an easy prey to the enemy, or whether the destruction the settler meditates, if the wholesale massacre of men, women, and children, comports with orders. He is a figure set up on high for every arrow, the butt of every colonial pen, till the very name of New Zealand and its miserable wars have become hateful to the great army that has carried in triumph the British colours from Cairo to Peking, and from Washington to Sebastopol.

Ridiculous as it seems, I believe a larger force is necessary to settle speedily and effectually the New Zealand difficulty than to coerce China. Bush-rangers take to the wilds of Australia, setting law and police at defiance, attacking gold-escorts,

and plundering citizens without exciting surprise. Thus they maintain themselves in spite of, and as a standing menace to, such strong communities as Victoria and New South Wales. Maories bid defiance to our arms. They are inaccessible, and cannot be made really to feel an attack, unless it be prosecuted on a scale so great that the means seem out of all proportion to the end. The question is discussed as if these savages had carried on a civilized war against us in a fair field, and held their own.

Were the forty or fifty thousand that comprise the whole native population assembled on the plains of Canterbury, with all the arms they could muster, a detachment from the north island could in a few hours annihilate them. It would be a mere massacre. But to bring the cumbrous machinery of trained columns to bear against these people, placed as they are, is like sending a steam ram, such as the *Defence*, into shallow waters to sink a fleet of piratical row-boats. Any men who can submit to a savage life, and the hazards and disagreeables of the enterprise, may band together, and burn, rob, and murder, in a wild country without roads. They may attack at disadvantage, and defeat de-

tachments of police or soldiers, and cause the greatest panic and trouble. This is simply what the Maories do, but these doings cannot be regarded as civilized war.

Two very different objects are involved in a warfare for the extermination of a people, and a warfare to secure a political result. It is opposed to every Christian principle of the nation to wage such a strife as the former, and it would not be tolerated by the empire, nor carried out by its army. If the object, then, is not to destroy the inhabitants as reptiles, no general is justified in sending the men he commands into jungles and swamps, sacrificing them to ensure the destruction of some of his enemies, where nothing is gained beyond the loss of life In discussing these Maori campaigns, the harsh critics of New Zealand should never lose sight of this principle.

Happily there are no political questions to break up the community into bitter parties. The people are too prosperous and well employed for any demagogue to drive a trade, and at present there is more chance of their not looking closely enough to the administration, than of obstructing it by factious opposition. A portion of the talent of the settlers

is due to a country which gives to them so generous a support, to be employed in its advancement and well-being, and it is fortunate men of ability are devoted to politics, even where personal gain seems to be the one object of life. But though in New Zealand there are statesmen of broad views and commanding eloquence, there is a general disinclination to enter councils and assemblies, surrendering valuable time to public affairs. If men of wealth and position leave the coast clear, their place will be supplied by needy adventurers, who use politics for selfish ends. Nor is this the chief loss the country sustains. The administration grows demoralised—demoralizing the public. Places become a mere matter of barter, and men of honour are excluded from a share in the government of a land where their stake may be immense. As yet the constituencies elect the best candidates they can get, preferring, as a general rule, property, high character, and good education.

New Zealand has been surfeited with government—General Assemblies, Provincial Councils, City Boards; and, if I have observed correctly, the tendency of opinion is towards centralizing this expensive and cumbrous system into a governor

and assembly. If good locomotion amalgamates villages and small towns into one city, it acts similarly in uniting the local rule of small communities into a general whole. Before the days of steamers on the coast, these provincial governments were useful, although expensive, for young and small settlements, and they have hitherto acted most beneficially. The time is now, however, dawning when they will cease to be required, and New Zealand will be governed from one city, let us hope as a compact and united colony, and not, as threatened, as two separate and divided communities.

## CHAPTER XV.

New Zealand as a Colony—The North Island—Selection of Fields for Emigration—Liberality of the Government—Departure from Christchurch—Extravagant Charges—Mismanagement of the Post-Office—Effects of the Gold Discoveries—Young Lady Emigrants—Miss Rye's Scheme—Ceylon.

THESE islands have been styled the "Britain of the South," a name that conveys a wrong impression, in my opinion, to the minds of emigrants. At present the colony resembles the mother country only in being formed of two main islands, about equal in size, and situated in a temperate latitude. It bears little resemblance, that I could see, in its general features, in its climate, or in its soil. England is undulating, with sluggish streams—New Zealand is rugged and mountainous, with im-

petuous torrents. England is dull and hazy—New Zealand is bright and sunny. England is the land most highly cultivated—New Zealand is that most in a state of nature.

It is a country of the grand and the picturesque, of huge mountains and glaciers, of dark ravines and wintry torrents, of vast unknown lakes, of broad bare grass plains and downs, and of impenetrable forests. If I wished for a contrast, I should have it in a comparison between such a territory and the finished beauties of rural England. The face of the earth may be changed by cultivation, but no change can be effected that will make these countries resemble each other.

On first landing, the immigrant is impressed with a conviction of the difficulty of solving the question, By what means can the mountain chain be penetrated for internal communication? Then see how nature has distributed the wood! She has left by far the greater portion of the land devoid even of a stick, and gathered over the richest soil a forest so dense and matted that the land cannot be cultivated for generations to come.

The north island is, like Bank's Peninsula, on a large scale. The conformation of its hills will

render communication of extreme difficulty; yet the skill of the engineer has overcome greater obstacles than those presented by either island. Whatever may be the temporary inconvenience entailed by the distribution of the timber, it is in reality the chief advantage offered by the southern provinces. For the same reason that emigration flows through Canada to the prairie States of America, Auckland and Wellington will be deserted for Canterbury and Southland.

I believe Western Canada to be a finer country than Towa, and the north island than the south; but the prairies of the States, like the prairie of Canterbury, are level and unwooded, ready for the plough, and therefore giving at once a return for labour, and an export from stock. Canada may offer her lands cheaper than the States, and add many inducements besides, yet this one outweighs all. Canterbury offers, if anything, worse land at four times the price of any northern province, yet draws to her exchequer, from the sale, more than all of them put together.

Those who take interest in the progress of the Colonies may learn much by studying the career of these provinces. Indeed they will see epito-

mized, contracted to a space so small that their tendency is easily perceived, the causes which influence emigration in our empire. It is there clearly shewn that neither the price of waste land nor its fertility is equal in importance to the adaptability of the soil to iumediate use—the question of a quick return; also, that land itself is but secondary, the chief influence being the price of labour. The main stream will always flow where labour commands the highest wages; for labour is all most emigrants possess.

Within twelve months Otago had attracted a greater immigration than all the other provinces did in five years, because the gold fields enabled that province to offer greater inducements to labour than any other district of the South Seas. Thus, cheap land is abandoned for poorer land at a high price, because the dear land is more readily available, and both the dear and the cheap land excite little attention, while a rush is made to a place hitherto only known to those cunning in geography, for labour can there realize the highest return. All this bears on a question once eagerly discussed, and which may any day arise again—the relative

powers of attraction of low-priced over high-priced land, and that of high wages.

The selection of fields for emigration caused us much surprise in our rambles through the colonies, and in no country were the blunders made more conspicuous than in New Zealand. A good reason may be advanced for Eastern Canada being settled before Western Canada, and even why the western district of the Cape should be colonized before the eastern. In these provinces conquest preceded settlement by us, and other nations selected the site. Australia, however, wholly owes her birth to us, New South Wales being selected first and Victoria last. Yet the latter is now equal in exports and population to all the others put together.

I consider New Zealand to be the best colony we possess, and it was the last of all to which emigration was directed. When the stream did flow to these islands it went to the wrong end first. Let the population and the exports now state whether it was right to found Wellington and Auckland before Canterbury and Otago.

Though time has corrected these mistakes, still they have a mischievous effect. Those who go first should be located on the best tracts, as it gives to

the settlers a roving spirit, injurious to themselves and to the community, when strong inducements arise, leading them to abandon the selected district and the work performed, for another land offering superior attractions.

These reasons will show the importance of diffusing a more correct knowledge of our colonial empire, yet they are as nothing weighed against the one astounding fact, that the chief emigration of the country is directed to a foreign land. To those who know the colonies, and something of the advantages offered by the United States of America, calculating on the lowest basis of materialism, it is very difficult to realize this fact.

If Great Britain has been liberal in any of her acts, she has been pre-eminently so in her late policy towards her settlements. At a considerable expense she has nourished them into communities, and given them unbounded, perhaps too much, liberty. She has prepared carefully many fair provinces as a home for her surplus population. Some hot, some cold, some temperate, both near and afar off, with boundless plains, unwooded and open to the plough, with grassy downs, with great mountain chains, dense forests or park-

like lands—a wheat, a cotton, or a sugar country —many dry, with scarcely any rain, others rolling down a flood of water through every hollow to the sea. She offers a residence on the coast, on a great river, or on a lake large as the ocean. No foreign land can hold out to her people anything that her own dominions has not got—except a slave. Then, why should any portion of her people choose a foreign land?

It is not easy to divert emigration, nor advisable for the Government to interfere, however deplorable may be the exodus of our countrymen to the States of America. The press is the only engine with power to direct the flow, and its influence might be thus used beneficially both to those who go, and to those who remain. The rise of her loyal colonies materially strengthens England, perhaps to an extent little appreciated. She sends out cargoes of poverty, relieving her workhouses, reducing poor-rates, and usefully employing a superabundant energy, that might otherwise become dangerous in times of distress.

Out of the many that go a few return with princely incomes, and the rest create a demand for her produce, and supply the raw material of her

manufactures. But this source of wealth flowing to the States, does little else than increase the strength of a country every year growing more and more hostile. The Irish who settle in Canada become loyal subjects, and their children Canadian in tone and feeling, while those located in the States simply swell the number of England's enemies. We cannot afford to have the people we rear changed to blustering Yankee British-haters, to have the stream of life, which every consideration, both moral and material, would direct into English channels, diverted to add to the greatness of a country professing enmity, while it detracts in the same proportion from the progress of our empire. Were emigration into the States stopped, the world would be astonished at the speedy collapse of their boasted prosperity.

This subject of emigration is of the widest interest to the future of our race, and to the peace of the world. If a family of nations grow up, led by Great Britain in bonds of respect and love, and bound by ties of kindred, the object of human progress will be advanced. In questions of justice, a combination of such states might be decisive; and right only could bind them together. They

could have no common object for aggression, and would be strong—as police.

Unless forcibly transplanted, the off-shoots of England will grow up in her shade, interweaving their history with hers, till, as nations, they commence a page of their own. Then, as before, their pride will be to regard themselves as boughs from the great oak of England, whose noble trunk created, and still circulates the sap of life to their expanding branches and rustling leaves. Even now they are bound by silken cords which, if they chafe at all, are felt only by the mother country. The tendency is too clear to be mistaken, and the time nears when even this slight tie will cease to exist. Ere these young countries become independent nations, it may be hoped that they will erect thrones for the princes of the Royal family who may be induced to occupy such seats.

We left Christchurch on the 13th April, returning by the Sumner Road. From Lyttelton I had walked over the bridle-path, and drove from the foot of the hills to Christchurch. The mere cartage of our few portmanteaus cost thirty shillings. A stranger is apt to conclude that the people of these provinces prey upon each other. Wherever

he turns he is met by extravagant charges, which are justified on the plea that everybody pays them, and that he who makes them pays everybody in the same ratio. It is the labourer, in every sense, that gathers the harvest. When the farmer's crops must be secured or spoiled, then no charge for work is too exorbitant. The extortion of boatmen, carters, and commission agents leads the shopkeepers to demand three times the cost price on retailing their goods. If they are pressed for money the lender thinks he is moderate in only taking fifteen per cent. interest; and so on, the one re-acting on the other, till they have made the southern provinces of New Zealand the most expensive country on earth. What a place for a person with a fixed income, who desires to live in peace!

The *Lord Ashley*, from the north to Dunedin, being signalled, Colonel M. saw the boxes carted to the wharf. On the steamer drawing alongside the baggage proved to have been put down about thirty yards from where she lay, yet she declined to receive them till placed close by the gangway, although no means were available on the spot to take them on board. One of our friends helped

my husband to carry them to the place indicated by the mate, and while thus engaged his umbrella was picked up by a person who stooped to steal, though not to work. The packages were piled by some cabin furniture of ours, which had been lying in the stores of the agents for the Company, and had been placed by them alongside. Then a second application to the mate to take them on board was also refused. The vessel was detained for a day after the time advertised, and the things remained where they were, during a period every hour of which threatened rain.

It was not till late, after three visits, and a final threat to hold the Company responsible for anything injured or stolen, that they were thrown in so roughly that one was smashed to pieces, others damaged, and all bundled upside down, in a position to be deluged by the dirty water on washing the decks of this cattle-carrying ship. The distance is under two hundred miles, yet the passage-money was ten pounds for us both, besides the charge made by the agents for putting the baggage on board. A charge so exorbitant should at least ensure attention on so important a point, though, in justice to the Inter-Colonial Company, I must

add that their boats are well-equipped, and the arrangements for their passengers in other respects liberal and good.

In Christchurch we had posted a letter for the captain of the *Arima*, about to sail from Dunedin to Calcutta, to secure a cabin, and to get particulars. After waiting in vain for an answer, we were proceeding to Port Chalmers on chance, and when steaming up an eager look was fixed on each vessel, till we were relieved by a sight of the red iron masts of the new clipper. The captain had not received the letter posted, and he had been detained by a mere accident, being ready to proceed for several days. The pilot was on board, and he had to delay for some hours to take us. This was the second letter of ours we knew to be lost by the post-office during our short stay; the first being an English letter delivered to my husband in Lyttelton, where he re-posted it to me at Akaroa.

I was disappointed in this quick departure, having hoped to visit Dunedin. Within late years all conjecture has been set at defiance, by the magical creation of paltry and unknown villages into cities of world-wide importance within the dominions of the two great nations who speak the English

language. The potent and magic spell has been the discovery of gold-fields, and the latest, and perhaps the richest, are those which have Dunedin as an outlet. But two or three years had elapsed since the site was occupied by a struggling Scottish village, where English and Irish were said to be snarled at as intruders; but few tested its truth, as it was placed in a region supposed to be the coldest and most inhospitable in New Zealand. Its younger sister of Canterbury distanced it shortly after being founded, growing with far greater rapidity in wealth and population.

In these few months this was reversed, and Dunedin became the commercial capital of the colony, exceeding all the other ports together in inhabitants, riches, and trade. Melbourne was made by an exodus from Europe, but Dunedin as yet has been created by an influx from the neighbouring colonies, principally from Melbourne. Hitherto these gold-fields have attracted little attention in England, but it requires no spirit of prophecy to foretel that the time approaches when a considerable emigration will be directed there.

With auriferous tracts, vast and rich, with a wide extent of open fertile waste lands, an invigo-

rating and healthy climate, and an unusual export of gold now counted by millions, what will be the progress of this province when the emigrating public fix their attention upon it? If its powers of attraction have made its advance magical, while their influence extended within so narrow a circle, though the strongest proof of their drawing force, I think the colonists may well expect, when the circle embraces the globe, that Dunedin is destined to the fastest rise of any city that ever sprang from the soil of our dominions. Of course this will hinge on the result of the explorations of the west coast, where, if richer fields and a suitable harbour are discovered, then, Dunedin, farewell to your fairy-like future, though a good agricultural capital you must always be.

On nearing the Heads, it was evident we were approaching an important city. A large steamer was coming up from the south, two or three vessels were beating down the coast, and a big emigrant ship with studding sails aloft was running for the port, where the masts of many vessels might be observed riding at anchor outside.

We moved for some distance after entering, with a mud flat on our right, and a sandy, barren-

looking bluff on our left, the site of a wretched lighthouse. Straight before us, on the curve of a sandy hill, were two white pillars, the one standing behind the other, evidently to give a line to ships going up. Turning to the right, with the bend of the channel we neared the high land, on that side passing between wide reaches of mud. We ran under and skirted along hills covered with timber, except where cleared in a few patches by a long line of vessels at anchor, and drew up close to a projection which stretched into the channel. Its extremity seemed rocky and covered with scrub, and its low neck was open, with a few houses scattered about, and a wharf jutting from the beach towards the shipping. We were in the anchorage facing the town of Port Chalmers.

I believe the passage from this spot to the city to be very beautiful in scenery, with little wooded bays formed by shelving spurs, as at Akaroa, to the extremity of the estuary, where the city stands, at a short distance from the open ocean. This peninsula is therefore almost an island, the harbour of Port Chalmers forming the channel between it and the main land. At night a ship advancing from the south sees the lights of Dune-

din, though she has to pass many miles around this peninsula ere she reaches her anchorage in Port Chalmers on the opposite side.

When looking for the *Arima*, I noticed the *John Duncan*, which recalled the fact that in this ship Miss Rye and the young lady emigrants had just been brought to the colony. A fertile theme was suggested to my mind, as I was much interested in that lady and her noble and philanthropic intentions. Till she places her own experience before the world, and contradicts by reliable facts the opinion, I hold her plan to be an attempt to reconcile fire and water, to mix oil with the ingredients of the ocean, or to leaven a mass which rejects the leaven and which the leaven abhors. The test of experience quickly dissolves theories and schemes, however beautiful and desirable, when they are impracticable; and Miss Rye probably discovered her high hopes were unattainable when she brought the machinery into actual operation.

To say the least, the colony is, as yet, unripe for what she proposed, and I grieve to add I do not know a colony that is ripe for it. If there be not a place for educated men without capital, there is not likely to be such a place for educated women.

The brothers of these ladies could only maintain themselves in the new province by descending to the most menial labour, losing their places in society, and perhaps acquiring low vices, as well as low manners. This has been proved by endless instances, and, to my mind, is a conclusive argument that an infant community is the last place for poor and unfriended girls.

If the colony offers no inducement, and regards them as an incumbrance, the class shrink with aversion and horror from the community among whom they are thrown. Surely Miss Rye does not lead to the antipodes a young lady to place her as a dairy-maid in an uncouth establishment where wild cows are milked? Yet can she make her a positive offer of any other situation not merely speculative? And I maintain that not even this is always open to one unaccustomed to labour.

I trust a faithful narrative of the experiment may be placed before the public; and I will be much surprised if it does not contain a melancholy statement of embarrassment to Miss Rye herself, of embarrassment to the provincial government, and of embarrassment to the poor girls. But I again

record the high opinion I entertain of this courageous and energetic effort, and the pleasure I would feel even in its partial success. I know that only half the subject is before me. I can see the colonial side, but not the English. I can see what the girls come to, but not what they leave behind. Absolute want has no argument, and even the uncouth wild cow establishment is preferable to starvation.

He who has beaten against the westerly gales that usher in the winter from the Snares to the Leenwin, will never again willingly put his foot on salt water. For seven weeks I lost count of time, and my life became a dreamy nightmare, with conscious intervals, when I awoke to the painful reality, instead of awaking to shake off a disagreeable delusion. Sometimes I was startled at the concussion of a mighty wave that shook the ship, and seemed to sweep all before it. Sometimes great commotions arose on deck, and the loud voice of the captain sounded above the gale on sudden shifts from north-west to south-west, catching the vessel aback, and rattling her steel yards and wire rigging as if deliberately bent on testing their strength.

The change on rounding the Leenwin, and getting into the trade wind, was from wild and ceaseless storm to placid weather, from danger and discomfort to the pleasure of a calm serenity, magnified by the contrast. The climate at sea I have generally found uniformly fine as well as healthy, so I was unprepared for the weeks of gales, the one following the other, with lulls or intervals of but a few hours. The ship had been built to test a new combination of materials, with ribs of iron and sides of teak, fastened with bolts of copper, under a patent by which the action of the copper on the iron is prevented. Her masts were iron funnels, her yards of steel, and her standing rigging of wire. She was of a beautiful model, though small, very swift, and an admirable sea-boat, but so light and quick in her movements, that in the stern cabins water was jerked out of the basins, and things not secured actually jumped from their places. Her captain seemed to be well satisfied with the way she had stood a battering so tremendous, but she would not have escaped so well had she been heavily laden instead of in ballast trim.

In these howling storms, the courage, energy,

and perseverance of such discoverers as Cook came forcibly on my mind. We who now follow in his footsteps, can form only a faint idea of the bravery and self-devotion of men like him. Our ship was the highest effort of nautical skill and mechanical art; the winds could be prognosticated; the coasts, rocks, and currents were known. The more we learn of Cook's discoveries, the higher becomes his reputation, a memory now only in infant proportion, but destined to grow with time.

On the 21st June we sighted Ceylon, ran up the Bay of Bengal with the south-west monsoon, and made out the Pagoda of Juggernauth on the 26th. The barometers were low, falling as we advanced, while the weather grew more and more threatening, so the captain put out to sea. The dense black clouds during the night discharged torrents of rain, accompanied by a strong westerly gale, which cleared up on the evening of the following day, and at midnight we sighted the light on False Point.

The approach to Calcutta is one of the greatest difficulty. The southerly monsoon blows straight on shore, rolling in heavy breakers on sands ex-

tending for hundreds of miles—piled up and ever increasing from the drift of the rivers Ganges and Burrampoota. A ship may strike while land is far beyond the sight. Many vessels had accumulated, as the bad weather had compelled the pilot brigs to run to sea. Only one had returned, and she was distributing her pilots to ships bearing down in all directions. Again rise before me the endless sand heads; again come Sangur, Kedgeree, and Mud Point. Again the broad basin of Diamond Harbour; but the season has changed the hue of the banks—a fresh and vivid green pervades nature, and on each side I look over boundless miles of level, wooded, and emerald country. From the yellow grass of the Canterbury plains the change for a time is charming; but the clear bracing atmosphere of New Zealand, its snow-covered mountains and blue streams, are soon missed. I land; and the first impression is that I am in a climate of degenerate animals—wretched men, wretched ponies, wretched cattle.

I have completed the circle, and I leave my readers in the country where I first made their acquaintance. But a few hours will have been

added to the lives of those who have had the patience to read these pages, though the period of my life they embrace extends over six years.

THE END.

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